

The Sketch

No. 1006.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1912.

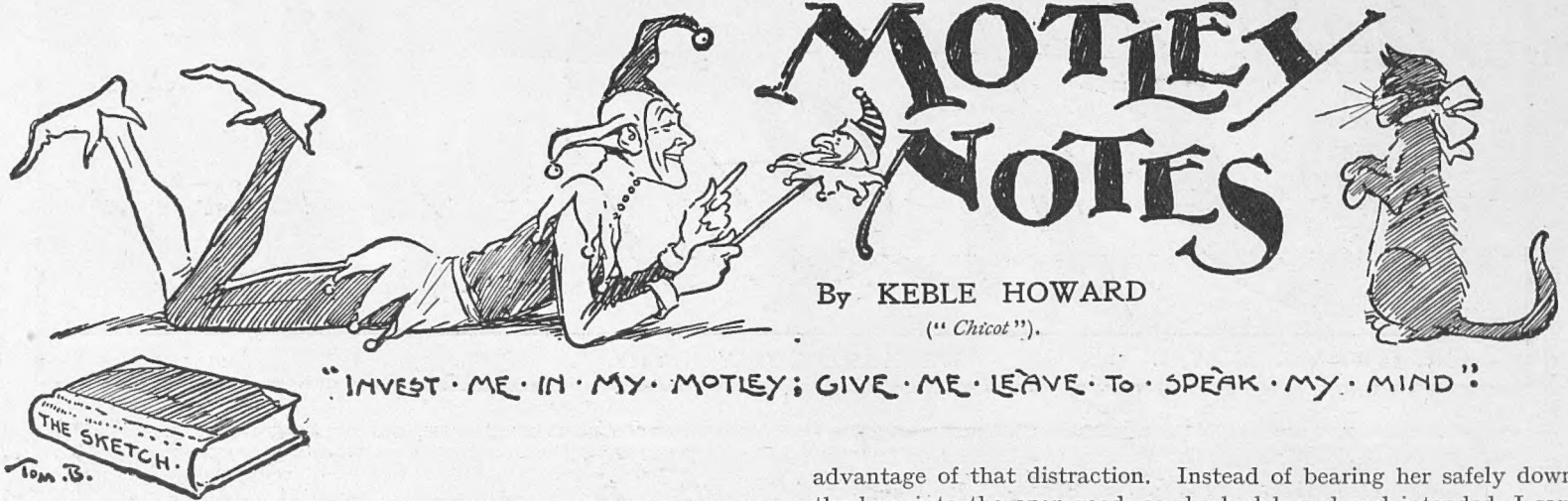
SIXPENCE.



NOT A FUTURIST PORTRAIT! THE VEILED LADY OF TO-DAY.

The veil can do much for woman; especially it can lend to her that little air of mystery which adds so much to charm. It can also give her strange appearance—that of tattooing or of Futurism! It is the latter phase we illustrate.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



A FEW weeks ago, I told you of Dolly's extremely successful way of handling tradesmen. This has made her rather conceited. Hence to-day—

DOLLY AS A CYCLIST.

"By the way," I said to Dolly, when we had finally decided to take the Small House, "can you ride a bicycle?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "Why?"

"Bikes are so useful in the country. When you go into the nearest town to shop, for example. Are you quite at home on a bike?"

"Quite, thank you."

I think I have mentioned that the lane running past the Small House is rather narrow. We are on one side of it, and the other side is composed of a wooden fence about six feet high. There is no ditch or pathway, you understand; just this fence.

It was the morning of our first expedition to the nearest town. I noticed, at breakfast, that Dolly was looking rather pale—pale but determined.

"Feeling quite fit?" I asked.

"Splendid, thanks."

"Don't ride if you'd rather not."

"Oh, but I'm looking forward to it!"

"The Fiend." We wheeled the machines into the lane, Dolly leading. The gateway is also rather narrow, so I was not disturbed in mind by the slight tangle that occurred.

And here I must insert a brief dissertation on bikes in general. Many people imagine that a bike is a mechanical, soulless thing, and that its behaviour is entirely dependent upon the skill of the rider. Nothing of the sort. Take Dolly's bike, for example. It has a beast of a disposition. It took a dislike to her on this first morning—which alone stamps it as a peevish, surly, brutish kind of a bike—and they have never been really good friends since.

It invariably refuses, for example, to stand up against the edge of a pavement. Other bikes do this quite easily, but not Dolly's. That is to say, it will do it for me, and it will do it for the fishmonger and the grocer and the butcher. But it will not stand up for Dolly. If it does, there is a fearful crash before she has been inside the shop a minute, and the bike is all amongst the traffic in the roadway.

Take punctures, again. My tyres never puncture, but Dolly cannot ride her bike along the simplest road without getting a puncture. The wretched machine simply looks for nails or pieces of glass, and pierces itself with them. It has even been known to get a puncture when standing quite still in the spare room. There was no puncture when it went to bed, but one tyre or the other is flat as a pancake in the morning. We are always prolonging its life by providing it with new inner tubes.

All My Fault. Now that I have explained the nature of this bike, you will not be surprised to read what follows. It began, as I say, by trying to prevent Dolly from getting through the gateway into the lane. There was a sharp fight, accompanied by much banging, scraping, and rattling. The bike was obstinate, but so was Dolly, and Dolly won. She arrived in the lane rather out of breath, perhaps, but flushed with victory.

Just as she was about to mount, I spoke to her. I forget what I said, but the remark was quite harmless. It was sufficient, however, to distract Dolly's attention for a moment, and the bike took

advantage of that distraction. Instead of bearing her safely down the lane into the open road, as she had hoped and intended, I saw them, to my horror, sailing smoothly into the fence. There was nothing hurried about the manoeuvre; they did not take the fence at right angles; they merely sailed into it with a kind of échelon movement. Down went the bike and down went Dolly.

I rushed to pick her up. Not knowing, at present, the sort of bike she had to deal with, she made the mistake of being indignant with me!

"You shouldn't speak to me," she said, "when I'm getting on."

"In future," I assured her, "that operation shall be performed amid a deathly stillness."

Dolly Understands. All went fairly well after this until we were on our way home from Greendale. Dolly was riding alongside of me, chatting gaily. We had the whole of the road to ourselves, and were at least three yards apart. Quite suddenly, for no reason whatever except ghoulish malice, that bike ran poor Dolly into the pathway and flung her to the ground. Away went her little parcels, gambolling, for a moment, like live things! She was covered with dust and she had torn her skirt. I was very sorry.

"Why did you do it?" I asked tenderly.

"I didn't do it!" said Dolly, suddenly leaping to a complete understanding of her enemy. "It was the bike!"

I saw at once that this was true. I urged her to let me get rid of the thing, but she would not hear of it.

"I will conquer it," said she, "or die in the attempt."

Well, she very nearly died in the attempt. I will tell you exactly how it happened. I was not present, but I know because I know that bike and I know Dolly. Besides, I had had horrible dreams of something of the sort.

On the Way to Greendale.

They all went into Greendale together—Dolly, the bike, and Chris—leaving me at work. The bike disliked Chris almost as much as it disliked Dolly. Here, then, was a splendid chance to be revenged on both! The ill-blooded invention was prepared to go to any lengths in order to gratify its fell hate.

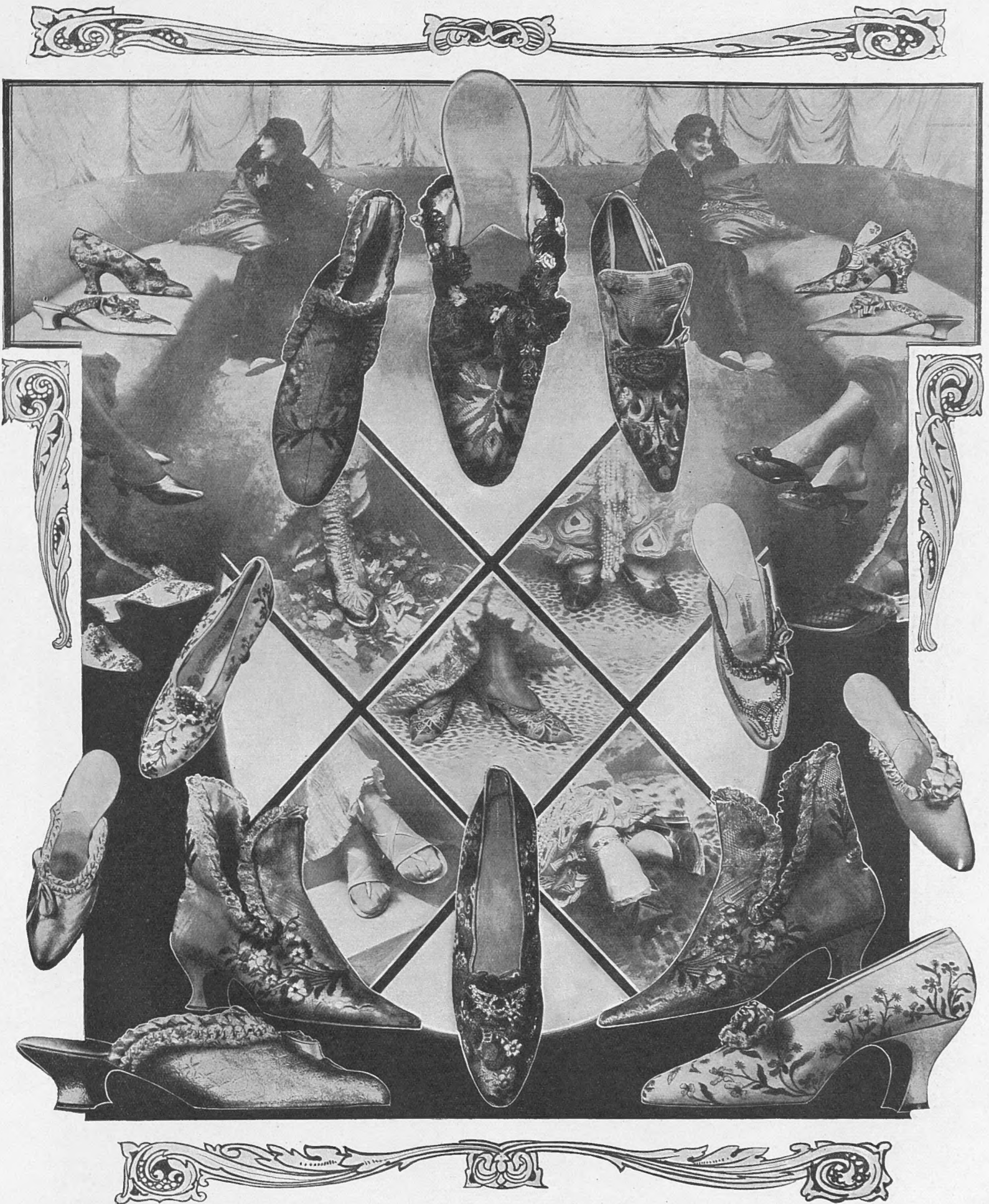
There is a considerable hill on the way to Greendale. Dolly was sailing serenely down the hill, thinking of what she would say to the butcher and the baker and the fishmonger, when Chris took it into his head, as dogs will, to cross in front of the bike. There was no harm in that. Chris has crossed in front of my bike a thousand times, and all has been well.

But this repellent assortment of mechanical filthinesses saw its opportunity and took it. A sudden spurt, a yelp from Chris, and down they all came together on the unsympathetic asphalt! Chris was not much the worse for the collision. The bike had destroyed its front mud-guard and broken its bell. Poor Dolly came off the worst of the three. There was mud on her nose, the skin had fled from one knee, her hands were scratched, and her clothes torn.

Was she conquered? Not a bit of it. Some kindly ladies—to whom I take this opportunity of tendering my sincere thanks—stopped their carriage, picked her up, and dusted her down. They even removed the mud from her poor little nose. Then this indomitable child continued on her way to Greendale, and said all the things that she had meant to say to the butcher, the baker, and the fishmonger! . . .

The bike, shamefaced and sullen, has lurked in the lumber-room ever since.

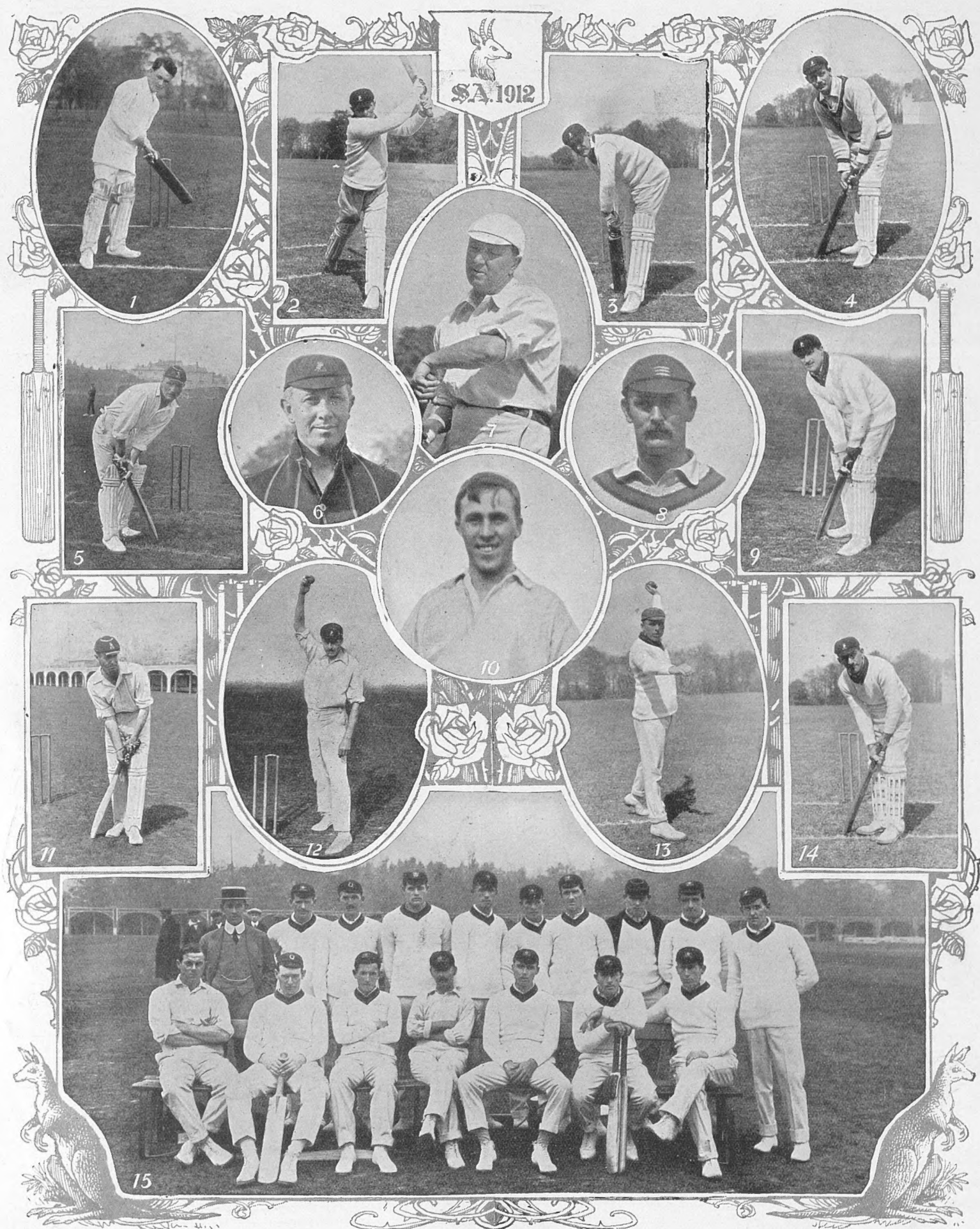
FOR THE LITTLE MICE: "IL Y A PANTOUFLE ET PANTOUFLE—"



FOR CINDERELLAS—IN THE PRINCESS STAGE: SLIPPERS FOR THE FAIR.

There are slippers—and slippers. Some, mostly of the masculine kind, are embodiments of all that is slack, slovenly, and slipshod. But for the dainty feet of the fair, which, as the poet says, "beneath her petticoat, like little mice peep in and out," there are slippers of a very different kind: slippers, such as those illustrated here, which are as dainty as the feet which they enclose. All elegant women imitate Cinderella in this respect, and the care devoted to the slipper is by no means a small detail of their toilet. Some of the slippers here illustrated have adorned the feet of famous Parisian *artistes*, such as Mmes. Cécile Sorel, Gilda Darthy, Mona Delza, and others. They belong to various historical periods. We see among them, for example, the Greek sandal, the Roman shoe, the Louis XV. slipper, the Molière shoe, and all the fanciful shapes taken by modern foot-gear. Some are made of leather embroidered in silk, some of antique material ornamented with *ruches* and gold 'lace, while, to some, a finishing touch is given by expensive buckles. It will be noticed that most of these slippers have high heels, but those expressively called *sauts de lit* are much more simple. Some of these are of quilted satin edged with fur; others of soft leather or of silk brocade. For "dressy" occasions, slippers are made to match the wearer's costume.

SIDES OF THE TRIANGLE: AUSTRALIANS AND SOUTH AFRICANS.



1. C. B. LLEWELLYN (SOUTH AFRICA).
2. H. W. TAYLOR (SOUTH AFRICA).
3. L. J. TANCRÉD (SOUTH AFRICA).
4. L. STRICKER (SOUTH AFRICA).
5. A. D. NOURSE (SOUTH AFRICA).
6. T. CAMPBELL (SOUTH AFRICA).
7. F. MITCHELL (SOUTH AFRICA; CAPTAIN).

8. R. O. SCHWARZ (SOUTH AFRICA).
9. G. A. FAULKNER (SOUTH AFRICA).
10. S. J. PEGLER (SOUTH AFRICA).
11. S. J. SNOOKE (SOUTH AFRICA).
12. J. L. COX (SOUTH AFRICA).
13. C. P. CARTER (SOUTH AFRICA).
14. G. P. D. HARTIGAN (SOUTH AFRICA).

15. THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM (BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT): C. J. CROUCH, MANAGER; R. B. MINNETT; E. HUME, VISITOR; C. KELLEWAY; E. R. MAYNE; S. H. EMERY; D. SMITH; W. J. WHITTY; H. WEBSTER; AND G. R. HAZLITT. (FRONT ROW) W. BARDSLEY; J. W. MACLAREN; J. MATTHEWS; S. E. GREGORY, CAPTAIN; C. B. JENNINGS, VICE - CAPTAIN; C. G. MACARTNEY; AND W. CARKEEK.

The cricket championship takes triangular form in this country this season, for both the Australians and the South Africans are here. Nine Test Matches will be played in all—the first on May 27, Australia v. South Africa at Manchester.

Photographs of South Africans by Sport and General; of Australians, by C.N.

TO "CRICKET" IMPERIALLY: THE "ANGLES" OF THE TRIANGLE.



CAPTAINS THREE: MR. F. MITCHELL, SOUTH AFRICA; MR. C. B. FRY, ENGLAND;
AND MR. S. E. GREGORY, AUSTRALIA.

As we remark under our page of photographs of the Australians and the South Africans who are now in this country, cricket takes triangular form this year, and one may also say, Imperial form. The "angles" of the triangle, if one may so call the captains, are Mr. F. Mitchell, for South Africa; Mr. C. B. Fry, for England; and Mr. S. E. Gregory, for Australia. Nine Test Matches will be played: the first will be Australia versus South Africa at Manchester on May 27; the last, England versus Australia at the Oval on Aug. 19. Mr. Mitchell appeared regularly for Yorkshire at one period, while some sixteen years ago he played Rugby for England. Mr. C. B. Fry it would be absurd to discuss here, for there can be none who does not know him as a great cricketer and a very notable all-round athlete. Mr. Gregory first played in a Test Match twenty-two years ago, has played in more Test Matches than any other cricketer, and has made 2087 runs in them.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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5. NORWAY FJORDS ..	10 Aug.	13 days
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 intimately concerned with the affairs of his paper unless a stamped and
 addressed envelope is enclosed. In the same way, a stamped and addressed
 envelope must accompany any contribution sent for the Editor's consideration.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"LOVE—and What Then?" the cryptic title of the new play at
 the Playhouse, remains unexplained to the end. A matter,
 perhaps, of little importance if the play is good. Mr. Mac-
 donald Hastings does not quite fulfil the promise of his clever comedy,
 "The New Sin." There is too much obvious strife after uncon-
 ventionality; also the indisputable wit of the author is used reck-
 lessly: even the dull clergyman husband utters his epigrams, and
 one at least is quite out of character. On the other hand, the live-
 liness of the play kept the audience in a good temper. For a long
 time the house listened to a farcical treatment of a quarrel between
 the tiresome husband and young, pretty wife over a very short
 Pierrette skirt and long, red stockings, and the propriety of a parson's
 wife exhibiting herself in them. Then, rather suddenly, we plunged
 into a scene of passionate, merely experimental, kissing between
 the wife and a young officer, and an elopement seemed in the air;
 but nothing came of it except the determination of the wife to be
 good. One is left wondering what would happen afterwards, and
 why the play was not called, "Marriage—and What Then?" for
 nobody was in love with anybody: even the officer's naughty
 kisses were not based on more than mere desire. Still, cleverness
 and wit must tell, and the play has both, and the acting is good.
 Miss Marjorie Maude played brightly, if rather too archly, as the
 young wife, but seemed of quite the wrong type; and Miss Frances
 Ivor represented the mother-in-law, a sympathetic mother-in-law,
 excellently; also there was useful work by Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr.
 Ernest Graham, and Mr. Gayer Mackay.

Miss Sowerby's new work, "Before Breakfast," also given at
 the Playhouse, is less valuable than one hoped. A rather smart
 piece of farce with too much telephone in it: we shall soon need a
 law against the use of telephones in drama—they are being over-
 used deplorably. The work is rather sketchy, and seems a little
 amateurish, and the grasp of character shown in "Rutherford and
 Son" is lacking.

The chief novelty of the French season at the Little Theatre was
 "L'Heroique Le Cardunois," a farce by Bisson which hardly de-
 served exportation. The trained hand of the author got some fun,
 rather mechanical, out of a sham fire-eater who is unmasked at the
 end; but the affair is far from brilliant. And the acting was not
 remarkable, except for the noisiness of the players. There are
 some signs that we are being treated, very unwisely, as barbarians
 prepared to welcome second-rate work because it bears the hall-
 mark of Paris. What a mistake!

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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Lugano. The Germans, all Europe over, make seasons for themselves at seaside places and watering-places, and practically occupy many towns, almost to the exclusion of other nationalities. I found Blankenberghe, in Belgium, last September, just as German as any town under the Kaiser's rule, and at Lugano, where I have called a halt on my homeward journey from Rome, I meet no one but Germans on the lake boats, and in the shops, and on the funicular railways, of which there are an extraordinary number on the mountains near by. I suppose the British come to Lugano later in the year; but, if the weather of the past week is a fair sample of what is usual at the end of April, the Germans are certainly right in choosing that month—warm in the day-time and cool at night—as their season for visiting this very Italian Swiss lake.



A GRANITE GUARDIAN OF A SACRED WAY: A GIANT FIGURE IN THE AVENUE LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS.

little stiffer, perhaps, and a little more autocratic, and a little inclined to look like plain-clothes policemen. But a Junker is, on the whole, very like a British county magnate, who never forgets how many tens or hundreds of thousand acres he owns. The German professional classes, however, when, between twenty and thirty years ago, they began to travel all over Europe, were afraid that all the hotel-keepers and railroads and tradesmen of the rest of Europe had banded together to rob them. So they went about in train-loads and ship-loads, and contracted with agents to pay so much per head for transportation and lodging and meals.

An Annual Scare. There used, every year, to be a time, before Christmas, on the Riviera when the hotel managers believed that the Parisians and the English were going to forsake the South that year, and that the season would be a disastrous one. And that was the moment at which the German agents made their bargains for their clients. The Germans, when they came in their hundreds, were given the back rooms facing north, and ate their *table d'hôte* meals at tables specially reserved for them; and when the English and the Parisians began to flock South and the managers were obliged to refuse applications for rooms, they lamented bitterly that they had listened to the suggestions of the agents, now that they were saying "No" to people who did not ask what prices they were going to pay for rooms, and that the *table d'hôte* rooms were full and the restaurants nearly empty.

Pioneers of German Travel. And these pioneers of German travel when they descended on any town

The German on His Travels. A change is coming over the German on his travels. I have seen it arriving gradually, but this spring it is very noticeable in Italy. The German of the middle class is becoming a citizen of the world, and now conforms to the custom of other nations in matters of etiquette. The aristocracy of Germany, when out of their own empire, have never differed much from the aristocracy of other countries—a

brought with them all their defensive armour. Their garb was the travelling-dress considered suitable by the tailors of out-of-date little German towns; they ate their meals as though they were at a railway buffet, and their manners were railway-station manners—they were quite ready to push and quarrel, but responded at once if they met civility. I am quite aware that a great deal of what I am writing applied to Britons also when railways first threw the Continent open to British travellers with purses of moderate dimensions; but the German with limited means began to travel well within my recollection, whereas "To Paris and back for £5," was mid-Victorian British farce.

English Tailors in Berlin.

The German Crown Prince, I believe, goes to a London tailor for some, at least, of his clothes, and I think that his example is being followed by the younger generation of Germans, for some of the young German bridegrooms I have seen during the past fortnight wore clothes that were not only British in material, but in cut as well. Perhaps some of our English tailors may have established branches in Berlin, as they have in Paris. Quite a large number of Frenchmen nowadays habitually wear British clothes, and so also do very many Americans.

The Austrian Dressmakers.

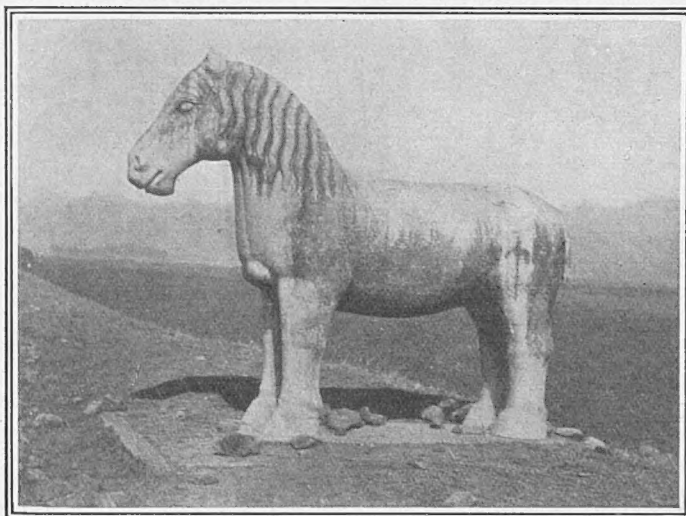
No doubt if the British tailors threatened to take away any very material portion of the custom that goes to the German tailors of Berlin, a patriotic cry would at once be raised of "German clothes for German gentlemen." I suppose that no really patriotic German lady would go to Paris for her clothes, but she might go to Austria, for some ladies of my acquaintance tell me that the Viennese dressmakers, and especially the Viennese makers of under-wear, can hold their own quite well against the Parisians. It is difficult to believe, however, that the slim German girls in plain white dresses whom I see playing lawn-tennis, and playing it remarkably well, will ever develop into those formless ladies arrayed in too much finery that the German matrons so often become.

A Very Pretty German Girl.

I saw on one of the boats that run down the Lake of Lugano an exceedingly pretty German girl. She was with her father and mother, and her nationality was undeniable; but if her speech had not betrayed her, I should have taken her to be an English girl who went to Paris for her frocks. She had the well-groomed look of a British girl who takes a pride in her appearance, and had the clear, creamy complexion that comes with plenty of out-door exercise. Her clothes were excellently simple and admirably made. As I like Germany and the Germans, I hope that she is the type of the German girl of the future.



DECIDEDLY HERALDIC: A LION, IN THE AVENUE LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS.



CARVED IN GRANITE: A HORSE IN THE SACRED ROAD TO THE MING TOMBS.

Describing the ancient Sacred Road to the Ming Tombs and the great granite figures which line it, Mr. John Grant Birch says, in "Travels in North and Central China": "Down the middle of the plain runs what once was a noble causeway with marble bridges, which led, at intervals of about a mile, through and under superb 'paitans,' or monumental arches, the distance between the two innermost being set with huge sculptured figures of animals, warriors, and mandarins; pair after pair face one another: six pairs of Mandarins with long flowing garments and curiously shaped hats, two pairs of warriors, two of horses standing, and two of horses kneeling. Then follow pairs of the mythical Kirin beast, elephants, camels, dogs, and lions; in all, I think, eighteen pairs, each image or colossus hewn from one single block. The conception of the whole is grandiose and the scene most imposing. The execution is equal, and this silent plain is truly one of the sights of the world."



PRIVATE-VIEWERS were, as usual, a little puzzled by freaks of hanging at Burlington House. Certain of Lady Diana Manners' friends made the rounds twice before looking on the heights for her portrait. She shares her skyey fate with the King of Sweden, Mr. Lloyd George, and Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward is highest of all; he has joined the squirrels, his particular pets.



DAUGHTER OF "ELINOR GLYN," THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: MISS M. GLYN.

Amongst her aunts, Miss Glyn numbers Lady Duff-Gordon, wife of Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, who, with her husband, was among the survivors of the "Titanic" disaster, and is well known as "Lucile," the famous dress-maker.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

Were it not that Mr. Asquith, grave and substantial, is on the Line, we should have no doubts about the political prepossessions of the Hanging Committee.

Ladies Who are "Liners."

Of the ladies on the Line at the Academy, none looks so happy as the unnamed but familiar sitters in Mr. Sargent's *al fresco* sketch. They lean upon their elbows at the table in the delightful Italian *loggia*, and continued to lean their elbows and savour their coffee throughout the labour of the Private View. But other sitters are less at ease. Even Lady Diana Manners is heavy and self-conscious—on canvas. Lady Clanwilliam is too pensive, and her expression lustreless as the painted pearls that hang from her neck in strings long enough to go half across

the Gallery. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, in the Large Room, is less melancholy, perhaps because she faces all the royalty. But the most noticeable thing at the Private View was that people who pull long faces in paint have often the gustiest good spirits. The portrait-painters have failed to invest their sitters with the ease that is the basis of good manners. The pearls are there, to be sure, but, as a



IN THE MOTOR AGE: THE OLD TIMES COACH ON ITS WAY DOWN PICCADILLY ON A LORD LECONFIELD DAY.

Lord Leconfield, here shown with Lady Leconfield and other passengers, is dividing the Brighton service with that other ardent whip, Mr. Vanderbilt. His coach leaves Hatchett's every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; Mr. Vanderbilt's runs on the other days.

Photograph by Record Press.



CELEBRATING A VERY NOTABLE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY: MEMBERS OF THE COMING-OF-AGE PARTY AT SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S, BENHAM-VALENCE, NEWBURY, BERKS.

Sir Richard, a baronet since his birth, came of age at the end of last month. In the photograph, from left to right, are Miss Astley, Lady Levinge, Miss Gladys Lloyd, Miss Jean Cochrane, Miss M. Corbet, Mr. Reginald Astley, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir Richard Levinge, and Mr. F. Manners Sutton.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," "THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH," AND OTHER WORKS: MRS. ELINOR CLAYTON GLYN.

Mrs. Clayton Glyn is the youngest daughter of the late Douglas Sutherland, of Toronto, Ontario. In 1892 she married Mr. Clayton Glyn, J.P., of Durrington House, and Sheering, Harlow, Essex.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

witty lady said, their wearers look as if they had stolen or, at best, only borrowed them!

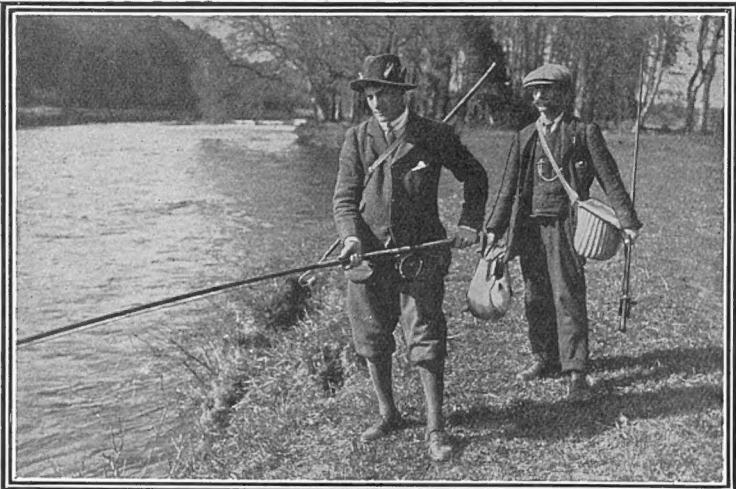
Minutes and the Minuet.

The tardiness of the royal portraits in their arrival at the Academy—whose walls showed gaps on the Press Day—is all unlike the King and Queen themselves. "On the minute" is a precept of the modern palace; without it the close calls upon their Majesties' time could never be met. An example of Queen Mary's strict eye for passage of time was observed last week at the London Opera House Charity Matinée. The programme took a long time to get through, and when one of the last turns came on, it was already late. Curtises in the direction of the Royal Box were in vain. Its occupants had arrived punctually—and punctually they went.



WATCHING HER FIANCÉ'S FLIGHT: MISS TAYLOR, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE. The announcement of the engagement of Miss Taylor and Mr. Claude Grahame White, the famous airman, aroused much interest.

Photograph by Sport and General.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE NORE, CO. KILKENNY: SIR EDWARD PAULET STRACEY, Bt.

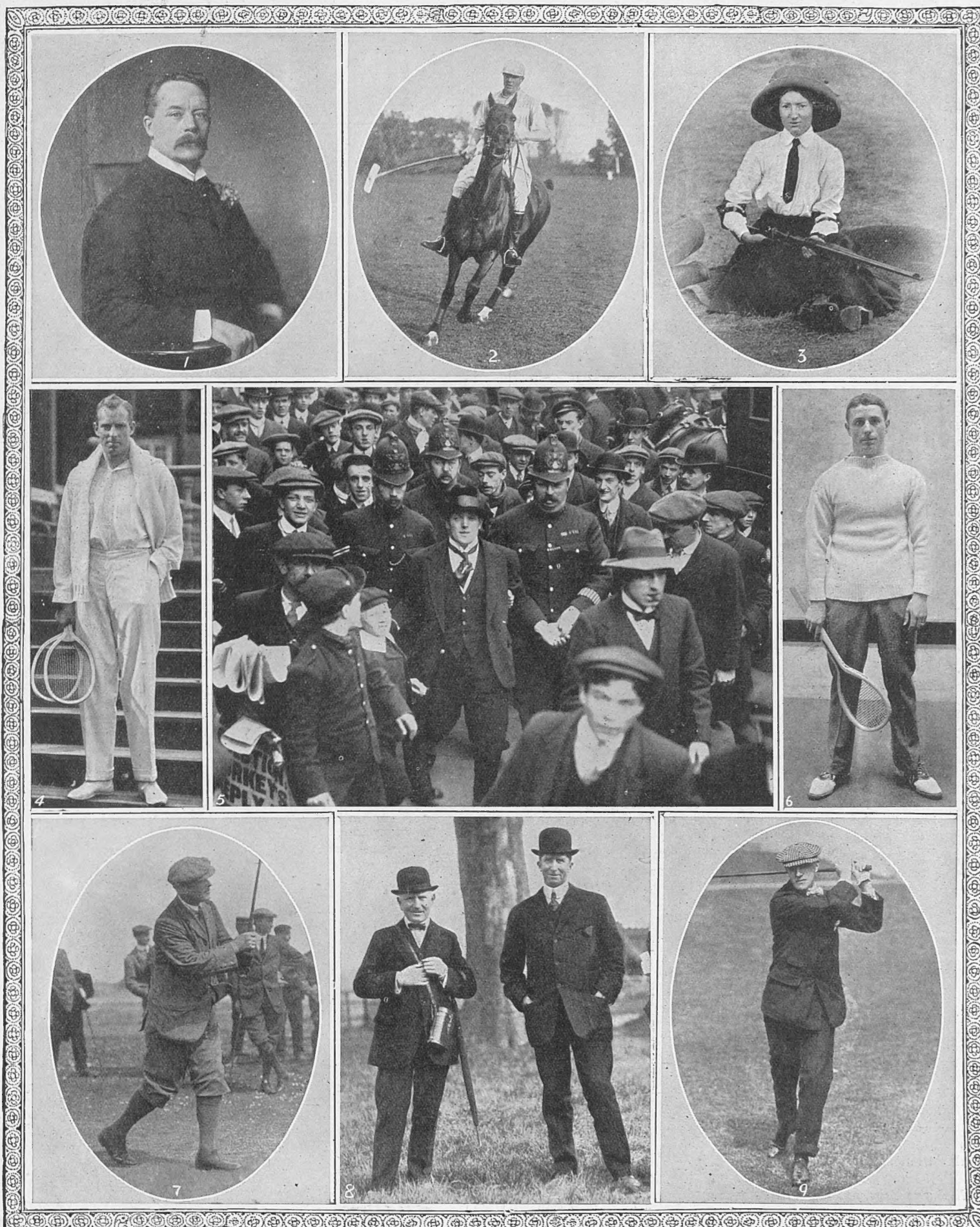
Sir Edward is the seventh Baronet of a title created in 1818 in favour of the eldest son of Sir John Stracey, Kt., Chief Judge of the Sheriffs' Court, and Recorder of London in 1746. The present holder of the honour succeeded his father in 1888. In 1902 he married Mary Elizabeth Brinsley, daughter of Algernon Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset.



IN THE DRESS OF OLD HUNGARY: Mlle. JEFFENEV AND THE MARQUIS DE BELLAMAR.

The photograph shows two of the guests at the ball given in Paris by Mme. de Yturbe. Everyone attending it wore old Hungarian costume.—[Photo. Underwood and Underwood.]

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO!



1. LORD DESBOROUGH—FOR BEING FIRST THROUGH THE NEW BOULTER'S LOCK, AND THUS BEATING A MAN WHO SLEPT OUT ALL NIGHT.

4. MR. S. N. DOUST—FOR PARTNERING MR. A. F. WILDING SO WELL IN THE COVERED COURTS CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN-TENNIS DOUBLES.

7. MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL, SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL GOLFER, OF KIDDERMINSTER—FOR WINNING THE SILVER CROSS AT ST. ANDREWS FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

2. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER—FOR ORGANISING A TEAM WHICH WILL ENDEAVOUR TO WIN THE AMERICA POLO CUP NEXT YEAR.

5. MR. CHARLES GREEN—FOR SCATTERING COINS IN THE STREETS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PASSERS-BY.

8. MESSRS. PERSE AND H. DURYEA, THE TRAINER AND THE OWNER OF SWEEPER II., FOR THAT HORSE'S 6-1 WIN OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

3. MRS. W. L. ALTON—FOR SCORING 99 IN KING'S PRIZE FIRST STAGE CONDITIONS AT BISLEY—A FEAT EQUALLED BY ONLY SIX MEN.

6. MR. G. F. COVEY—FOR BECOMING TENNIS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BY BEATING THE PREVIOUS HOLDER OF THE TITLE, CECIL ("PUNCH") FAIRLIE.

9. MR. WALTER E. FAIRLIE—FOR BEING NOMINATED CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB, AND NOT "FUNKING" PLAYING THE FIRST BALL.

A man slept in his launch near the new Boulter's Lock on the eve of its opening in order to be first through. While he was waiting in the down lock, Lord Desborough passed through the up lock in his punt!—Mrs. Alton, who won the Championship of the South London Rifle Club last year, scored 99 in King's Prize First Stage conditions at Bisley the other day. The wind was most erratic.—Messrs. Wilding and Doust beat Messrs. A. H. Gobert and M. J. G. Ritchie in the Challenge Round of the Covered Courts Lawn Tennis Doubles, at Queen's Club, the other day. A portrait of Mr. Wilding appears on our "Literary Lounger" page.—A young man, whose name was given as Charlie Green, and who was dressed all in green, scattered gold and silver in the Strand and Fleet Street the other day. A crowd struggled for the coins, with the result that the perambulating philanthropist was arrested on a charge of obstructing the traffic.—On Saturday, G. F. Covey beat "Punch" Fairlie for the Tennis Championship of the World, winning the rubber by 7 sets to 3. On May Day he had won all four sets. Thus he only had to win one of the five sets on Saturday to gain the title. This he did.—Mr. H. Duryea's Sweeper II. won the Two Thousand Guineas by a length. Mr. Duryea is an American. At one time he and Mr. H. P. Whitney were racing partners in the United States.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Record Press, Swaine, G.P.U., L.N.A., and Newspaper Illustrations.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WOMEN are eligible as members of the Nobodies' Club after they have reached the age of twenty-five. Is not this rather dating them? Few attractive women will care to go about ticketed as nobodies and over the half-century.

EXIT "THE RAVEN."

(At Augsburg two Teutonic Nimrods have shot a raven in which was imbedded an arrow-head which showed that the bird must have been at least six hundred years old.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, Mr. Poe, when weak and weary,
And perhaps a trifle beery, thought
he saw above his door,
With its crest all shorn and shaven,
an ungainly, ancient raven,

Which, so far from being craven, was a grim and ghastly bore
With its melancholy burden from the night's Plutonian shore
Of the mystic "Never More."



Though a mediæval arrow sticking in its aged marrow
Had permitted it to harrow the poetic Mr. Poe,
Now two sportiboy Teutonic have at last stopped down the chronic,
Weird, mnemonic and laconic croaking of that fiendish crow;
With a dose of modern small-shot they have laid the beggar low,
It will bore us "Never More."



The Absent-minded Beggar.
Some one, just after Christmas,
dropped and lost a motor omnibus
on the premises of the L.S.W.R.
Mem.: Always tie a knot in your
handkerchief when you are carrying
anything which will not go
into a vanity-bag.

Amateurs are going to produce
a play in London, in which lawyers
are to play the legal parts, clergy-
men the clerical rôles, and so on.
This may lead to unpleasantness,
unless the piece is of the teacup-and-saucer school. Villains are, of
course, thicker than thieves, nowadays, but what about the First
and Second Murderers? Are they, too, to be real, like the pumps
and the parsons?

Mr. F. R. Benson says that the democracy are striking for more
poetry as well as for more pay. Well, they can have as much more
poetry as they like, if they pay for it.

But wait a moment. "When Persia was most prosperous,
poetry was at its worst," says a lecturer. Now then, de-
mocracy, which shall
it be, Poetry or Pro-
sperity? To the naked
eye, A-little-on-both-
ways seems more
popular than either.

The swallows are
wiser in their genera-
tion than the Metro-
politan police. Robert
came out without his
overcoat in the mid-
dle of April, but even
the one swallow which
does not make a summer knew too much to come out at all.



Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera, "Nail," seems from all accounts
to be quite the *clou* of the season in Paris.

May 1st was a day of national humiliation for many imbecile
novelties. In Paris the hostesses altered their "at home" cards to
"On five-o'clockera à dix-sept heures" on account of the introduction

of the full twenty-four hours' system of counting time. We
have nothing better to sacrifice on the altar of progress than the
tips of unfortunate waiters, while the French hustle Old Father
Time himself.

THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

(Dr. Stenson Hooker says that in
order to keep young, people must
be optimists and not eat too much.)

When the balditude unbeautiful is
creeping up your brow,
And you'd like to jam the brakes on
Time, but can't imagine how,
Then come to Stenson Hooker, who
is burning to impart
The scientific version of Old Madame
Rachel's art.



He says that men and women who have reached the doleful stage
Of the years beyond the forties, which is known as Middle Age,
Waste energy, or life-force, in a manner that brings out
All the pangs of indigestion, the rheumatics, and the gout.

Do not worry, do not hurry, do not hustle, do not eat
Unconscionable dinners of unnecessary meat,
But remember first and foremost, the Judicious One insists,
That all who would be youthful must be life-long optimists.

But when the hyacinthine curls are
sprouting on your skull,
You'll find eternal youth has proved
inordinately dull,
And, as a boy of ninety, you will
probably decide
You've nothing left to live for but
a painless suicide!

At Brentford a labourer named
John Bull described himself as a
Frenchman. Is this the result of
racial degeneracy, or merely too
much Entente Cordiale?

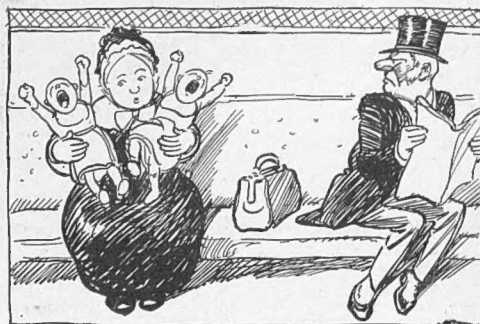


Yellow is to be the fashion-
able colour this year, and citron, saffron, canary, and sulphur are
to be the popular tints. In fact, every assemblage of women will
either be the Yellow Press or a Lemon Squash.

"Once married, the business woman is spoilt," says a base man.
Evidently, when twice married she must be a smarter business
woman than ever. How right was Mr. Weller when he told us to
beware of vidders!

The Rev. N. Bonavia-Hunt has set a psalm to a chant
founded on the wailing cries of infants.

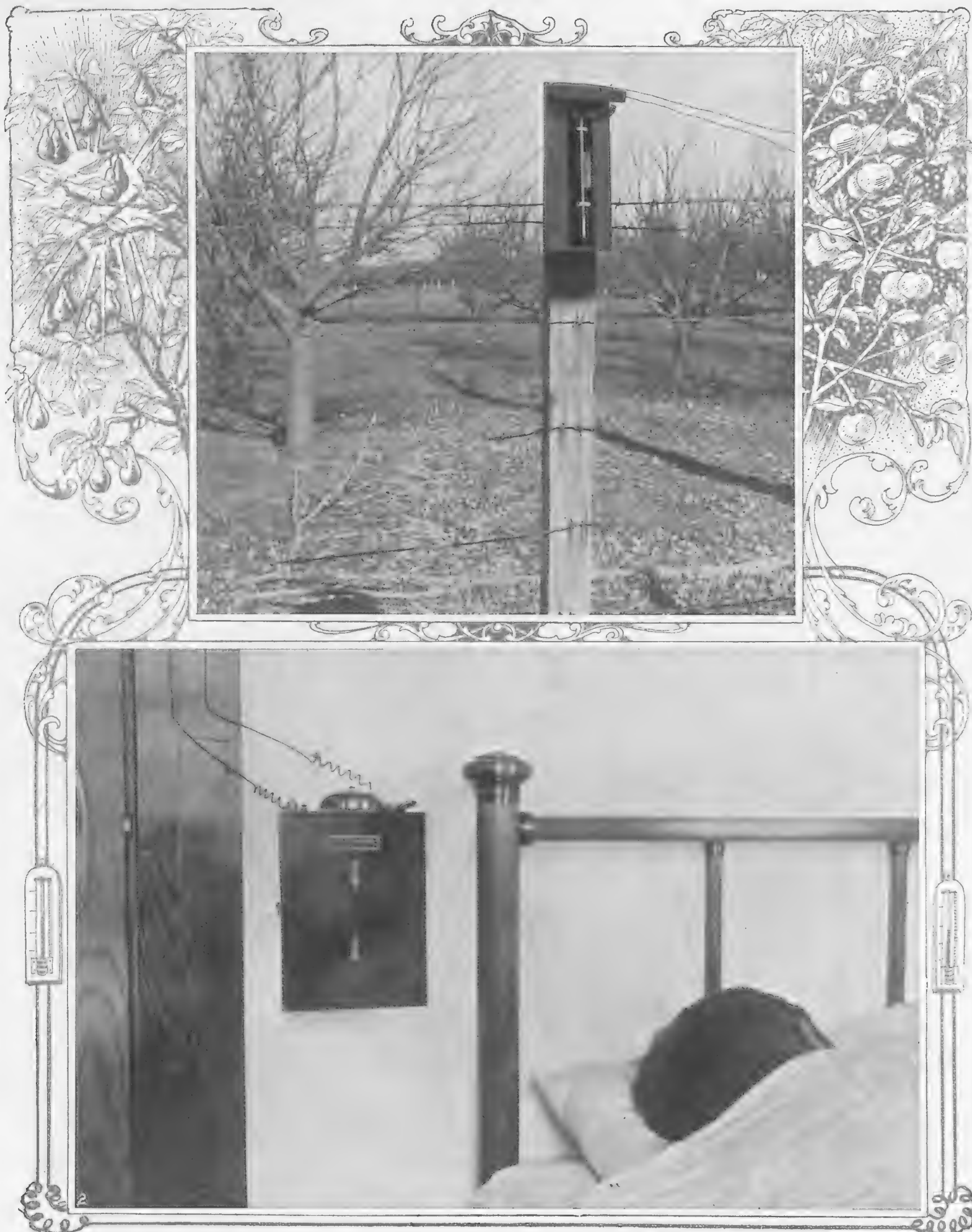
Even the most un-
musical of us has
occasionally set the
Commination Service
to the same devasta-
ting melodies.



Since the days of
the One-eyed Calen-
ders of Bagdad there
has been nothing so
delightfully Arabian-
Nightly as the pro-
clamation by some
of the tribes in the
interior of Morocco
of Muley Mohammed, the One-eyed, as Sultan. May his Highness's
one eye never be invaded by a sty!

Play and book-title games, and hat-trimming and tie-making,
are recommended to the smart hostess who wishes to make her
garden parties go. A happily limited experience leads to the belief
that these funniments are much more efficacious in making the
guests go.

THE WEATHER AS BELL-RINGER: AN ALARMING THERMOMETER.

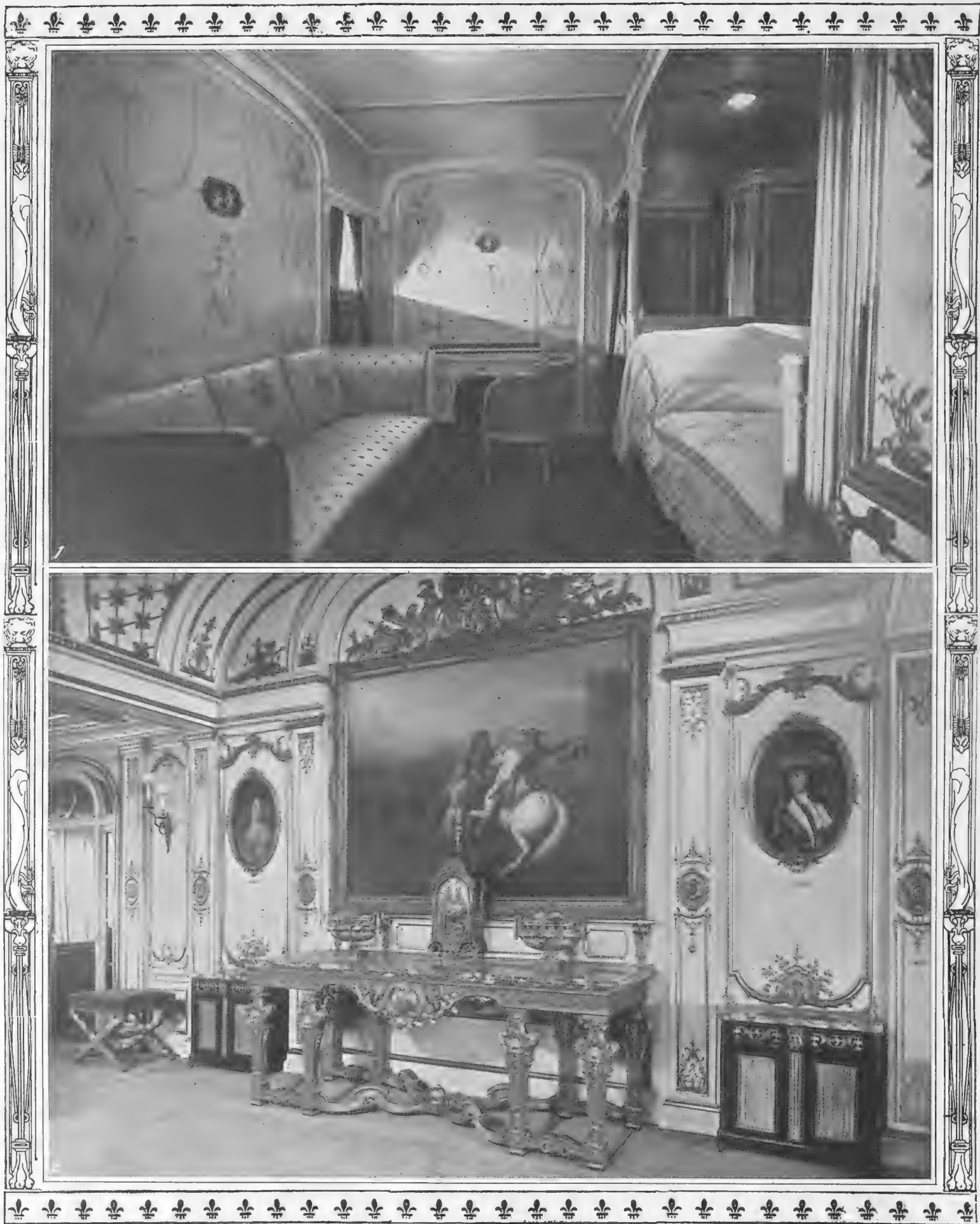


1. A DEVICE WHICH RINGS AN ALARM BY ITS OWNER'S BEDSIDE WHEN A DANGEROUS TEMPERATURE HAS COME UPON ORCHARDS:
THE FROST-SIGNALLING THERMOMETER IN PLACE AMONG THE FRUIT-TREES.

2. THE HOME END OF THE FROST-SIGNALLING THERMOMETER DEVICE: THE BELL BY THE FRUIT-FARMER'S BEDSIDE.

"Scientific orchard-heating has made it possible to raise the temperature of a 200-acre orchard ten to fifteen degrees with as much certainty as the janitor can heat the city man's flat. . . . The little outdoor oil-stoves and coal-furnaces that have been sold by the million to orchard-owners . . . have banished from the fruit-grower that annual early spring nervous prostration from fear of frost. . . . Nowadays he (the fruit-farmer) can go to bed with a feeling of security, leaving the frost alarm thermometer to watch for him . . . a specially made thermometer, with a fine platinum wire fused into the mercury at the freezing-point or at whatever is considered the danger-point. As soon as the mercury sinks below this wire, the circuit is broken and the alarm at the head of the orchard-boss's bed rings out its warning." We quote the "Technical World Magazine," of Chicago, by whose courtesy we are able to reproduce these illustrations.

PAINTINGS, TAPESTRIES, OBJETS D'ART ON A LINER: "LA FRANCE."



1. FAR MORE ELABORATE THAN MANY ASHORE: 2. AN APARTMENT HUNG WITH FINE PICTURES, FULL OF OBJETS D'ART, AND MOST ELABORATELY FURNISHED: A CORNER OF THE GRAND SALON OF THE LINER "FRANCE."

So much has been said of late with regard to the luxurious equipment of the ill-fated White Star liner "Titanic," that it is interesting to note that this country is not alone in running steamships fitted every bit as elaborately as are the great modern hotels. The new vessel, "France," of the Compagnie Transatlantique, for example, has an interior which is remarkably ornate. Pictures, tapestries, and objets d'art are plentiful in her salons. She has decorations of the Directoire, Empire, Regency, and Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. periods. Among her treasures are two authentic works by Delacroix, which are in one of the drawing-rooms in her stern; and four pieces of old tapestry of very considerable value. The Moorish Saloon has a fresco by Poisson. She possesses also a fine copy of the "Roi Soleil" by Rigaud; an authentic Van der Meulen; and a panel by Gaston La Touche. Her two dining-halls, which can be turned into one to seat 350, suggest, in style, the Hôtel de Compté, at Toulouse. It was the fact that this vessel left at the same time as "La Touraine," of the same company, which led to the suggestion that liners might always "run in couples" for greater safety. The "France," which is over seven hundred feet in length, left Havre for her maiden voyage to New York recently.

NUN — NICER THAN EVER: A CHANGE OF RÔLE.



A SALOME IN "TROUSERS": Mlle. TROUHANOWA IN THE SYRIAN TRAGEDY BY FLORENT SCHMIDT.

Mlle. Trouhanowa will be remembered in this country for the great success she made as the Nun in "The Miracle," at Olympia. Here she is as an addition to the ever-growing army of Salomes.

Photograph by Chéri Rousseau.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

NEWMARKET meant early hours. The long file of horses going at dawn to exercise and trials did not attract many observers; but by the time the animals were back again—and that was betimes—the place was peopled by early risers. Perhaps the knowledge that the King is quite as capable of leaving his pillow as is a

trainer or a jockey got some sportsmen up the earlier; for Newmarket was well aware of its great visitor. But London is still sleepy. His Majesty goes to his early riding in the Park through a town of slumbering subjects. The heartiest loyalty is hidden behind closed blinds when he glances, half humorously, at the short line of houses between the gates of the Park and Park Lane. Lord Annaly, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, and Major Clive Wigram were all out with his Majesty the other morning at eight, and back to breakfast before nine. "Still away, Sir, I suppose," commented one Gentle-

man-in-Waiting apologetically, before a certain stretch of blind-windows in Park Lane. The King laughed. She has herself approved the choice of that flower for her emblem; and, when Alexandra's Day is celebrated for the first time on June 26, it will appear in a thousand button-holes, from the Duchess of Marlborough's (her dress that day will show one) to Mr. Herbert Ewart's. Mr. Ewart, as the Secretary of a Committee that has Lady Wilton for its Chairwoman, is busy explaining the Society's exact intentions. Alexandra Day is to be a day of flowers for profit as well as for affection. White roses, in facsimile, will be made and sold throughout England for the occasion, and the proceeds are destined for hospitals and kindred institutions.

The charities, like the roses, will be of her Majesty's own choosing. But was the wild rose always Queen Alexandra's choice? I have a memory of her once confessing to a much gaudier favourite.

C—C—. Sir Almroth Wright was

not the only reader to pause over a letter signed "C.C." in the *Times*. It was in answer to Sir Almroth's own, and although it did not point out to him that it would be better if he confined himself to his own especial subject, it was clear enough in suggesting that he had somewhat overstepped the boundaries of his expertise. As "C.C." wrote powerfully, the letter is, of course, valuable without a more explicit signature. But if Sir Almroth has a scrap-book, he may care to fill in the blanks.

"C.C." might cover the identity of many people; but what if it stands for "Clementine Churchill," and has the approval of the

First Lord? Sir "Am-wroth" may, in fact, affix the signature, on this hint, without any fear of having to alter the attribution.

Sentenced.

Lord Bramwell was a cynic among Judges, who, strange to say, are usually rather soft-hearted men; but the new story told of him makes him out a cynic among cynics. Gladstone had made a fine speech and came straight from his triumph to the dinner-table of Lord Bramwell, who was by no means of his own way of political thinking. But Mrs. Gladstone awaited the orator with a special mark of approval—a kiss on each cheek. "Serve him right!" was the verdict of the learned Baron.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: LADY ENID FANE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

Lady Enid Fane is the elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, and was born in 1894. Her sister, Lady Gloria, is only ten years old; her elder brother, Lord Burghersh, is a naval cadet; her younger brother, the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, is twelve.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

man-in-Waiting apologetically, before a certain stretch of blind-windows in Park Lane. The King laughed.

The Importance of Being Ernest.

Social history repeated itself very pleasantly at Newmarket when Sir Ernest Cassel found himself a host with a King of England among his guests. There is a continuity of royal friendships at Moulton Paddocks. A new reign naturally means new men and new women, and new manners—new Fellows of the Royal Society, so to say. The friends of Queen Victoria were not those of Edward VII., nor are all of his father's those of George V. Disraeli once declared that

"tobacco is the tomb of Love"; but the smoke which ended the banquet at Moulton Paddocks was the tomb of legends the reverse of loving—sweeping generalities which themselves thus ended in smoke. The King, when he sallied forth from his father's old rooms at the Jockey Club, found everywhere such familiar faces as those of Lord Rosebery, Lord Durham, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Sir Hedworth Meux. In the matter of incidental entertainments, the social history of this year's Newmarket not merely repeated, but even excelled, itself.

The Coming of the Wild Rose. Doubts may exist about Disraeli's preference for primroses, but there are none about Queen Alexandra's for the wild rose.

The Coming of the Wild Rose. Doubts may exist about Disraeli's preference for primroses, but there are none about Queen Alexandra's for the wild rose.



PATRONESS OF MANY ENGLISH CHARITIES: QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL.

Her Majesty arranged to be present at the concert fixed to be given at Sunderland House on the 7th in aid of St. Vincent's Cripple Home; and to open, on the following day, a bazaar in aid of the West London Hospital at Chiswick Town Hall. Queen Mary promised to furnish a stall for the latter, chiefly with Indian articles.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS VIOLET MORGAN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. HUNTLEY GORDON SPENCER WAS FIXED FOR MAY 7. Miss Morgan is the second daughter of Mr. W. Morgan, J.P., of 1, Park Street, Bath, and Tynycymmer, Porth, Glamorgan. Mr. Spencer is the eldest son of Mr. Frederick Spencer, J.P., D.L., of Pondsmead, Oakhill, Bath.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HUGH CUMBERBATCH: MISS HELEN OLIPHANT.

Miss Oliphant is the only daughter of Sir Laurence Oliphant, who, until recently, was General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command. Captain Cumberbatch, of the Yorkshire Regiment, is the only son of Mr. E. C. Cumberbatch, of Croxsted House, Farnborough.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR ERIC PEARCE SEROCOLD: THE HON. BLANCHE STANLEY.

Miss Stanley is the third of the four daughters of Lord Sheffield, and was born in 1885. Her eldest sister is married to Captain W. E. Goodenough, R.N.; her next sister to Captain the Hon. Anthony Morton Henley, 5th Lancers. Major Serochild is in the King's Royal Rifles.

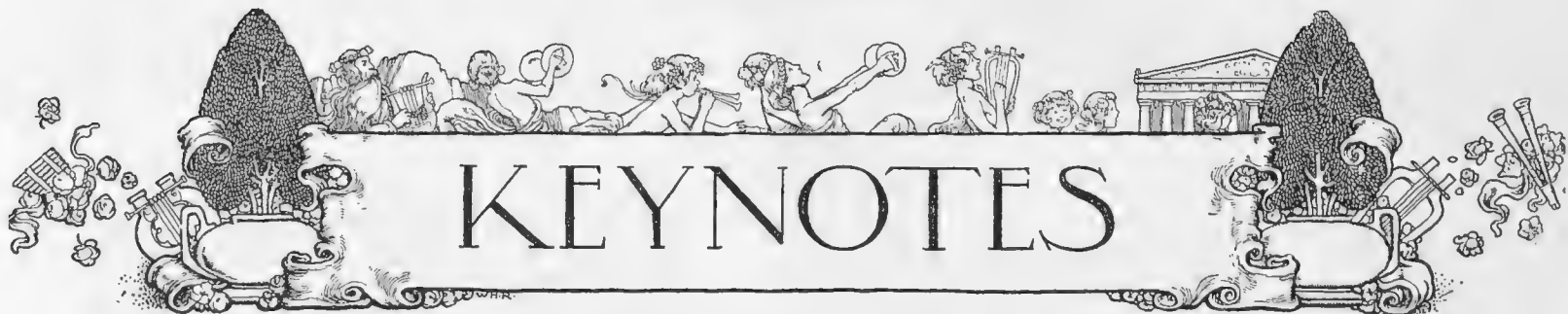
Photograph by Lafayette.

O (THE APPLE OF) MI-IY! AND ELLALINE TERRISS.



WITH "THE APPLE OF HER EYE": MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BETTY.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is, of course, Mrs. Seymour Hicks in private life, has recently been appearing at the Hippodrome in "O-Mi-Iy," a short piece with music by Frank Tours and Herman Finck, and lyrics by C. H. Bovill. Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is a daughter of the late Mr. William Terriss, was born in the Falkland Islands. Her daughter Betty is her only child. Mr. Seymour Hicks appeared last week at the Coliseum in "Scrooge," adapted from Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." He is shortly going on tour, starting at Exeter.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



KEYNOTES

SIEGFRIED WAGNER IN ENGLAND.

THE arrival in London of Siegfried Wagner, after an absence of seventeen years, to conduct, at the Albert Hall, a concert devoted in part to his own and in part to his famous father's work, must stir many musical memories and excite much interest. There can be few musicians or music-lovers now actively in pursuit of their profession or their hobby whose memory can travel back to the year 1855, when Richard Wagner, then an exile from Germany, domiciled in Zurich, and occupied chiefly with those nine volumes of literary work that few have the courage to read, was invited to London to direct the season's concerts for the Philharmonic Society. We turn to his letters to Minna Wagner to find his impressions of the visit, and his quaint but not unjustifiable comment that both orchestra and audience consumed more music than they could possibly digest. But there must be plenty who can recall his visits to the Albert Hall twenty-two years later, when Richter had conducted the first performances of the "Ring" at Bayreuth, and a successful attempt was made to interest the British public in "the music of the future," and thereby to reduce the heavy debt (£7500) that had been incurred by the Bayreuth production. Now, thirty-five years later, Siegfried Wagner, whose birth, in 1869, was celebrated by his father a year later in the famous "Siegfried Idyl," comes to

the same place to recall the achievements of his father to a world that is quite familiar with them, and to introduce some of his own, of which we in England know little or nothing. For Siegfried Wagner is also a writer of grand opera, and has placed some seven to his credit; and if they have not reached this country, they have not failed to earn a measure of recognition upon the Continent, where one or two have found a place in the operatic repertoire of certain houses. Siegfried is the son of Wagner by his second wife, Cosima, daughter of Liszt, whose control of the Festival House at Bayreuth, which was started in 1872 and completed four years later, has been so remarkably sagacious and independent. Siegfried Wagner has conducted many festival performances there, and, if he has not escaped severe criticism as a conductor, it should in fairness be remembered that Wagner's operas have only received full justice at the hands of men of genius, who have devoted long years to the mastery of the wonderful scores. First and foremost among them is, of course, Dr. Richter, who has been heard to say that if the scores of the "Ring" were lost he could rewrite them from memory. He was conducting the

matters that had fallen to Richter since 1866, when he went to Tribschen to copy the score of "Die Meistersinger" for the Master. It is a significant tribute to the subtle quality and "fine shades" of the Wagner scores that a lifetime of study is demanded for their perfect interpretation, and it is at the same time creditable to criticism that no respect for the mighty dead should have blinded it to the fact that the son lacks the highest qualities that are associated with the conductor's difficult place. It is as a composer that he must be considered.

Siegfried Wagner was not trained to music in the early years; his profession was to be architecture, and the monument at Bayreuth to Franz Liszt is of his designing. But music called him irresistibly, as the bird in the enchanted forest called the other Siegfried to Brunnhilde's retreat amid the flames, and he studied with Kniese and with Engelbert Humperdinck, of "Hansel and Gretel" and "Miracle" renown, and it was in the early nineties that he ventured to Bayreuth and took the post, first of sub-conductor, and later of conductor. Munich gave a first hearing to his operas, "Der Bärenhäuter" and "Herzog Wildfang." Apart from operas, of which he has quite a number to his credit to-day, he has written orchestral music, including a popular symphonic poem, "Sehnsucht," which has been heard in London. It is a dubious advantage to be the son of a famous man and follow his profession; comparisons are inevitable, and, in the majority of instances, unkind. It is given to very few Chathams to have a William Pitt for son. Had Siegfried Wagner ventured unknown into the musical arena he might have met with a wider recognition, but his appointment at Bayreuth was not popular, because neither his age nor his experience was held by many competent judges to justify it, and the result was that many people have refused to take him seriously, and still regard him as a tyro rather than as a man of middle age, with a fine musical tradition inherited from both parents, a ripe experience, and a considerable achievement. The Wagnerians—and their name is legion even in England—might have been expected to give welcome to Siegfried Wagner before now, and it says much for the strenuous competition of the years that we should have waited so long, since 1895, to see him here again. The son of Richard Wagner and grandson of Franz Liszt must have something to say that is worth hearing, and in any case his reading of his father's work should have an individuality that will be appreciated even by those who have heard all the great conductors of our time. He should complete our education. It is to be hoped that our visitor will be seen in Manchester. After London, the greatest tribute paid to Wagner in England is traceable to Manchester, where the Hallé Society has given so much of his music so often. Herr Balling, who now rules in the place of Richter, has made no small part of his reputation as a conductor of the Wagner operas, and Mr. Denhof's enterprise has made the city familiar with the imperishable charm of the "Ring."—COMMON CHORD.



OPENER OF THE SEASON AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE: Mlle. FELICE LYNE AS JULIET IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein opened his season at the London Opera House in Kingsway with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," in which the part of the heroine is taken by Mlle. Felice Lyne, the young American singer who made so great a success there last autumn. She makes an ideal Juliet, and she captivated the first-night and subsequent audiences both by her singing and her charm.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



"THE PALE CHANTEUSE WITH THE TOOROP FACE": MISS MELLA MARS.

Miss Mella Mars, the famous Viennese *diseuse*, who has been called "the pale chanteuse with the toorop face," recently made her reappearance in London, at the Hippodrome. Her repertoire this time comprises "The Drummer," "The Three Maids of Lee," "Czarda," a gipsy song; and "Barbara Frietchie," the story of the well-known heroine of the American Civil War, told in a poem of Whittier.

Photograph by Hopf.

THE SECOND IN COMMAND.



THE CALLER: Is the Doctor in?

THE SERVANT: No, Sir; but he'll be back in a minute — he's gone to see his other patient.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

MARIA AND MIMIKOS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

THE German Professor was audibly absorbing his soup—the Falls of Niagara were in my ears. Then he wiped the vermicelli off his blonde beard with my napkin, which happened to be handy, and exclaimed "Wunderschön!"—by which he was not alluding to the soup but to the Acropolis. The Professor had just come back from the Archæologists' Congress in Athens, and here in the dining-room of the hotel, on the Bay of Naples, facing the blue sea, full of changing, dancing crests of gold, he was telling me of other shores bathed by the same sea.

I do not know what sort of archæologist my friend is, but there is no doubt that he is a poet. It is eyes responsive to beauty that blink behind his smoked spectacles. "Attica," he said—"a blessed soil, where the very rocks are soft to aching feet, where you tread on treasures, where gods, broken and buried, so deep and for so long,

are still adored after centuries, where the air is so limpid that you can see the trees and boulders on distant hills, where the very names of the streets are a pious homage to the mutilated divinities. Street of Hermes! Street of Minerva! The Sacred Way! *Ach!* you should see Greece, dear lady, a country which is nothing but a temple, a country which has no present and hardly a future because of so great a past. You should see Greece, and then, as an Englishwoman—by marriage only, *ach*, so! Still, England is your country now, its pride you

flesh. Indeed, happiness can spring from stone as a pure source does." The thumb and index with which he was holding the femur of a chicken dived into his waistcoat pockets and brought forth some excellent photographs taken by him of the land where his heart lay petrified.

"This," he explained, "is the prison of Socrates."

"Really? It is so long ago as to seem incredible."

"On the contrary, it is only what to-morrow brings that is incredible. And this is the theatre of Herodes Atticus. As I sat on those marble steps I thought of 'The Wasps'—and—"

"Oh, I imagined it was chiefly mosquitoes that were troublesome."

"I was alluding to 'The Wasps,' the satire of Aristophanes—and this is the Parthenon, which will particularly interest you, for it saw a human sacrifice as late as some years ago. At that time there lived in Athens a beautiful young countrywoman of mine. Her name was Maria. She was a governess in the house of some wealthy citizen. In Athens also lived a young lieutenant of a good family—his name was Mimikos. He was handsome and passionate and very poor. Mimikos loved the fair and gentle Maria; Maria loved the dark and tempestuous Hellene. Their love was chaste and hopeless. They were too poor to marry. Both were dependent, both were desperately in love. I believe that for young people these must be somewhat trying circumstances."

The Professor considered the two remaining oranges in front of us, weighed them both alternatively in a greasy palm, squeezed them, smelt them, and—left me the worse!

"One day Maria went to the Acropolis and up by the inside staircase to the very top of the Parthenon, and from there she threw herself to the steps below. Can you imagine her?—dead among the dead, very small near a temple, very white on the marble, broken like all else around her, a sweet and calm alien whom the passion of the East had vanquished—"

"And the handsome Mimikos?"

"He shot himself after her death—bah!" shrugged the Professor, struggling against emotion—unless it were an orange-pip.

"The next day the rain had washed the blood off the marble that is eternal. 'Bah! we are but pigmies,' said the giant, rising and squeezing his eighteen stone through the door."



THE ENGLISH PRINCESS WHO BECAME QUEEN OF SPAIN: QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

As everyone knows, Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, formerly known in this country as Princess Ena, is a daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She married King Alfonso at Madrid on May 31, 1906.

Photograph by Swaine.

pride, and it would make you blush to see the front of the Parthenon still robbed of its glorious fragments that Cockneys may spend an hour or so in an artistic atmosphere when it is raining. Have you seen the Elgin Room at your British Museum? *Nein!* *Ach!* is it possible? Well, go there when you return to London. Go and weep at such selfish vandalism. Go and gaze at the august debris, and then do your best, dear lady, I beseech you—a woman's best is a mighty power. Who knows that your prayers and your propaganda may not reinstate the exiled gods to the Olympic heights that were theirs? Why should London keep the treasures that are Athens? I ask you, dear lady? Would your tresses be such things of pleasure and beauty if they were shorn from your head and exhibited under a glass case?" (I might have told the simple scholar that it was the other way about—that some of the tresses he admired had come from the glass case to my head—but it is a sacred principle with me always to respect man's innocence.) "Thus," he went on, "the Elgin Marbles in your Museum are but a sad relic instead of a crowning glory."

The Professor stopped, partly to take breath and partly to adjust his ready-made tie, the elastic of which would peep at the world from under his coat's collar. What are earthly ties to him who deals with the gods?

"Perhaps," resumed the Professor, hacking with his knife at the macaroni, "perhaps I have bored you with bare descriptions, and failed to make you realise what grace, what life there can be in stone—the beauty of it would melt a heart of



THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER: THE INFANTA BEATRICE.

The Infanta Beatrice, the third child of the King and Queen of Spain, was born at La Granja on June 22, 1909. She is named Beatrice, of course after her maternal grandmother.

Photograph by Swaine.



THE SPANISH HEIR APPARENT AND HIS SISTER: THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS AND THE INFANTA BEATRICE.

The little Prince of Asturias, the King of Spain's eldest child and heir, was born at Madrid on May 10, 1907.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

THE DANCE : A BATEMAN STUDY.

FOR SALE



THE BOSTON.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



GLIMPSSES OF THE GREAT.*

WORKING or playing, Mr. Smalley has met all the world and his wife. As a journalist he is accustomed to sensitise himself to impressions, and trained to find the effective literary phrase for them, so when he talks about interesting people everyone must be interested.

**Mr. Chamberlain
on German
Hostility.**

When Mr. John Morley introduced him to Mr. Chamberlain one stormy morning on Dover Pier, he met "the man who then was reckoned the foremost Radical in England." But, as Radical or Conservative, he was ever a fighter and, like Cyrano, disdained compromise. Mr. Smalley recalls how he took up Germany's challenge to England, which had long echoed through Europe. "He spoke as no other man had spoken, of German arrogance, of German hostility to England—a considered hostility with a clear purpose, in the Press, in the Reichstag, and in the Imperial Court—of the constant German menace to the peace of Europe; of the peril that lay half-hid in Imperial purposes." And when Prince Bülow rebuked him for a mischief-maker, there came the proud response with "nothing to retract, nothing to defend, nothing to explain. . . . But, as I read English history, I know of no English Minister who has served his Sovereign and his country loyally and at the same time found means to be popular abroad." "And who," asks our author, "since Chatham, has uttered sentences like those?"

**The late Duke
of Devonshire.**

A peculiarly intimate portrait is given of the late Duke of Devonshire, sitting at his desk in the strong north light of a window which commands the gardens of Devonshire House—those fine grounds, "all the finer because the grounds about Lansdowne House seem to be part of them; which they are not." But it was as Lord Hartington that the world chiefly knew him: a strong, quiet man. "In that strange dispute between the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) and Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Hartington was asked to intervene. He asked for the letters. He read them. Then: 'Are there any more?' 'No.' 'I have your authority to make such use of these letters as I think best?' 'Yes.' Whereupon Lord Hartington put them in the fire, saying: 'I do not think it will be necessary to carry this matter any further.' 'Hartington is the only man I know who could have done that without question,' said one of those present. 'But that is because he is Hartington.'" "How long since the Duke of Devonshire has been in Ireland?" asked a Nationalist member once. And from across the floor of the House came the answer: "Not since his brother was murdered in Phoenix Park." Of the ducal estate—Lismore—in Ireland, the late Duke had the accounts examined. There had been spent recently, for benefit of tenants, £34,000 more than had been received in rent. But "it cannot be denied that he was a Duke."

**Lord Wolseley
on Home Rule.**

Mr. Smalley writes his memories of Lord Wolseley with a photograph before him which he had received in 1895. "The signature, 'Worseley,' is strong and firm; each letter clear-cut, almost as if with a sword;

and it is certainly the slash of a sabre which finishes off the 's.'" A timely note is sounded in a letter written to the Duke of Cambridge, when Mr. Gladstone was urging Home Rule on his party. Lord Wolseley wrote: "Home Rule will be the end of the English army." "His belief was that English soldiers would refuse to fire on Ulstermen whose crime was loyalty to England. But, whatever their reason, an army that mutinies is no longer an army. It is a subject which an Irish soldier who has been Commander of the Forces in Ireland may be supposed to know something about."

**The "First
Lord" as a Boy
of Ten.**

"Winston," Mr. Smalley has known since a day when the First Lord, then ten years old, took him boating with Lady Randolph. "He took command of the party, first on land and then on the water. Nobody thought of disputing his claim. I had lived enough in boats to see that Winston, though with no great skill in watermanship, knew what he was about, and though he ran some needless risks, it was never necessary to interfere. . . . I paid him the compliment that was due on his captaincy, to which he kindly answered, 'But I see you know as much as I do about rowing.'" Mr. Smalley also pays a compliment to his invariable courage and his capacity for work. At Blenheim, there is always a suite of rooms known as his, and reserved for him, and difference of party has not made a breach in family feeling; but Mr. Smalley seems to think that his charming wife may have suffered socially for her husband's opinions.

**The Noteless
War Minister.**

Perhaps the most amazing thing to be learned about Lord Haldane in this entertaining book is his indifference and superiority to notes. That speech, five hours long,



BEATEN IN THE COVERED COURT LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AFTER WINNING THE FIRST TWO SETS, MR. A. F. WILDING.

There was a most exciting struggle between the champions of Britain and France in the final of the Covered Court Lawn-Tennis Singles Championship, which was played at Queen's Club on April 29. Mr. A. F. Wilding won the first two sets by 6 games to 3 and 7 to 5, and everyone thought he had the match in hand. M. Gobert, however, persevered and eventually won three subsequent sets by 6 games to 4 in each. M. Gobert was the holder of the Championship, and Mr. Wilding the challenger.

Photograph by Sport and General.

which introduced his Bill for the reorganisation of the Army was made without a note, without a figure. And in confessing this he proudly added, "But that is nothing. In the days when I was busy at the Bar, I have sometimes gone into court not knowing which one of half-a-dozen causes would come on that day, but quite ready to go on with any one of them, and not a note in any one of the six."

**Of Many Things
and Many People.**

Of the American millionaires; of Whistler's invention; of Irving's art and suppers; of the delightful evening spent in a theatre box with the divine Sarah; of Count Witte's clever "check" in a game which looked like being desperately lost, and of many other entertaining things, the author must be left to tell. His short, vivid sentences provide the best of reading. Whether chatting with the late Prince Francis of Teck about his new automobile club, or learning Republican simplicity of government with Roosevelt for host and guide, he is alert and at ease; ready with repartee for the beautiful lady twice a Duchess, or with advice to an Ambassador in a delicate crisis. To have lived so near a whole garden of roses and to have such an eye for shades is a rare fortune!



THE COVERED COURT LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, MR. A. H. GOBERT.

Photograph by L.N.A.

* "Anglo-American Memories," Second Series. By George W. Smalley. (Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

FOR SALE A TRIPLE BILL.



THE INDEX OBJURGATORIUS: THE EMPLOYER'S WIRELESS BLACK LIST. ...
Our Artist here imagines a fearsome invention of the future. By means of wireless telegraphy and a camera obscura, he suggests the state of activity of every employee may be seen at a glance from the employer's desk—an invaluable device to the employer where a minimum wage is in operation.
DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE TRIPOLI FIXTURE.
GOLFER (who wishes to be affable to his caddie): And what do you think about the war, my boy?
CADDIE: What war, Sir?
GOLFER: Haven't you heard of the war between Italy and Turkey?
CADDIE: No, Sir— They're having nice weather for it, Sir!
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



DIVOTLUTION!
THE PROFESSOR: Ah! Now this sudden sand-storm proves that I was correct in saying that the climatic conditions of this country are changing.
DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



A SUICIDE THAT FAILED.

By KENELM FOSS.

SHE had spent the afternoon re-reading and destroying old letters. There is, of course, no more delightful occupation, and it caused her almost to regret her resolve.

She had made her will, and had written a farewell document of several sheets. It was headed, "To My Sometime Friend," and ended, "De Profundis—Agatha," and all the rest of it was quite in that style, and some of it even more so. The Sometime Friend, by-the-bye, was of the feminine gender. There was no one of the masculine with whom she was intimate. Perhaps, fundamentally, that was why . . .

She had stood at the window of the room she called her Den, in an attitude the extreme simplicity of which, as she was not unaware, befitted the chief protagonist in an impending tragedy; and gazing out, had mused, in a final, gloomy retrospect, upon how little Life had given her, how useless she had been, how misunderstood, unloved, alone. It was a familiar reverie with her. For years past, indeed, she had thought about very little else. That afternoon her survey had been even gloomier than usual, but then the occasion demanded something out of the ordinary, seeing that in a few minutes she was going to die.

She had quite convinced herself that she really was about to die. . . . The review of her life concluded, she had taken a long, last look at the more cherished of her personal belongings. That, she felt sure, was one of the things suicides always do. All about the room were reminders of old enthusiasms which now left her cold: porcelain, an Eastern hanging, a Da Vinci head smiling enigmatically, a kakemono, a prie-dieu, a sphinx of jade. . . . As she contemplated them she realised with satisfaction that they formed exactly the background she could have wished.

I have omitted to say that she had put on her most becoming frock for the occasion, or the frock she thought became her best. She spent a great deal of money on her clothes, but they were always somehow ineffective. She wore, most ill-advisedly, greens and peacock blues. Women with her complexion will! Finally, she had come, with a romantic sense of being fascinated against her will, to the table on which lay the instrument of death.

It had been some days before she could bring herself to buy it. She had seen it in a curio-shop window, as she passed in a mood of black depression at the tail of three days' neurotic imaginings. It was a dagger; a pretty, jewelled toy—quite the sort of thing they commit suicide with in novels. Directly she had seen it she had visualised it in her hand, and herself lying stark and cold and white. . . .

The incident came at a critical time for her.

The Sometime Friend of the farewell letter had just earned herself the epithet which proclaimed her a back number by marrying. Their intimacy had ceased. Like all intellectual women, until they marry, Agatha thought marriage an alternative term for humiliation. Also it argued the Sometime Friend's interest in someone else besides Agatha, which was wounding to Agatha's *amour propre*. She was only interested in people who were interested in her. Possibly for that reason, her circle of friends had never been a wide one. She was, moreover, naturally fastidious. Brains and breeding were a *sine qua non*. With the Sometime Friend's secession the supply of those possessing the necessary qualifications

was exhausted. Wherefore, on the night of her friend's marriage, Agatha had assured her diary that friendships generally were superficial and unsatisfying; had protested, further, that friends were faithless; and, finally, had asserted, with a sudden descent to the particular, that she, personally, was unloved and alone.

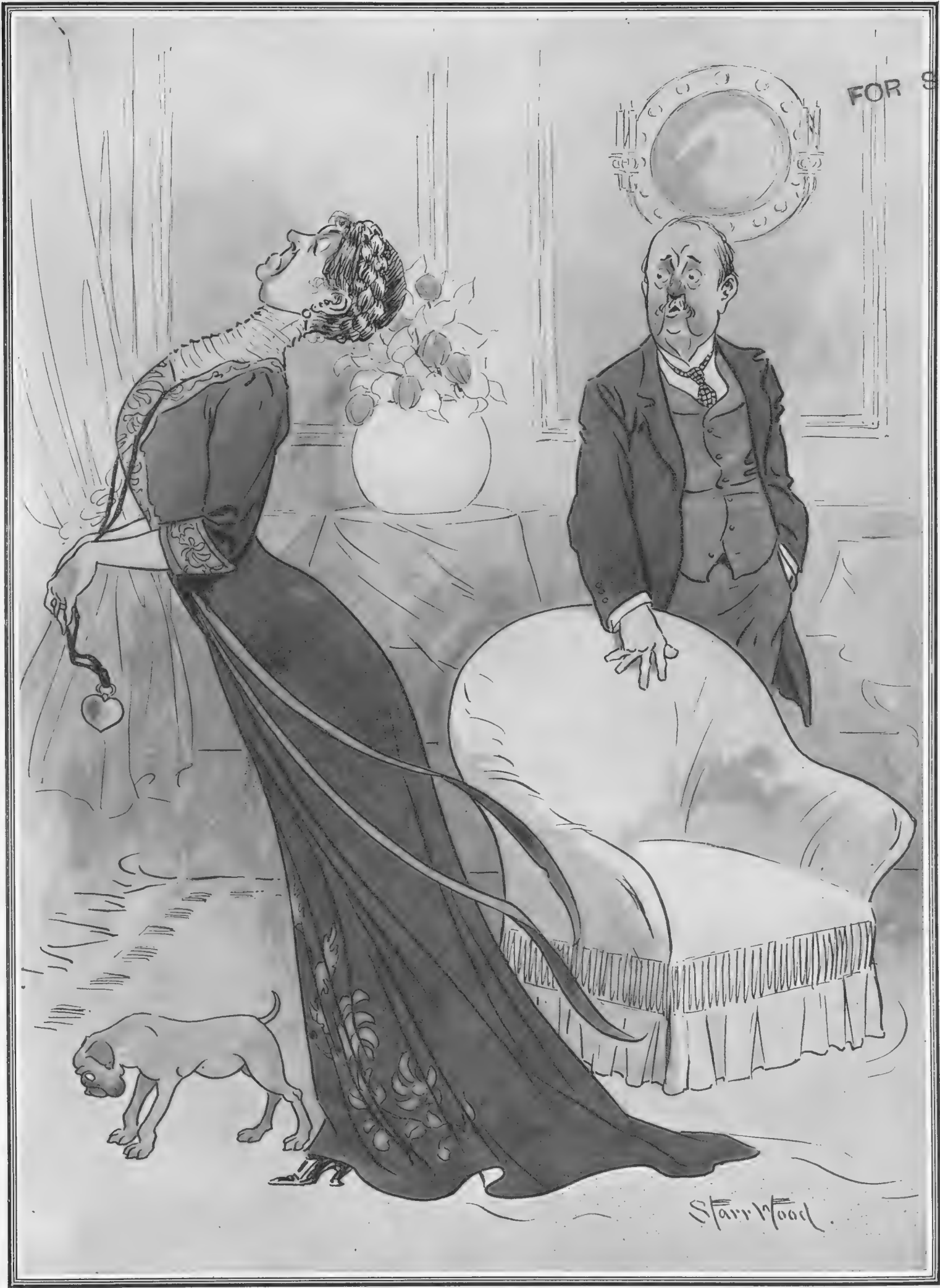
That had been merely the final drop in the cup of her misery. Previous entries in the diary (voicing her habitual meditations) had declared that she was a Failure, with a capital F; and that no one had ever understood her. The first of these, being interpreted, signified that having, without any particular talent, and with no capacity at all for continued effort, decided to Express herself (capital E) by painting, she had discovered that her first two or three pictures were not up to the level of Augustus John and had thrown away her tools in disgust. In that epoch the Den had been called the Studio. Shortly afterwards it became the Writing-Room, in contradistinction to the Study, the apartment where her father spent his days laboriously compiling ponderous legal tomes. For two or three mornings, when she felt in the mood, she had sat there with a sheet of paper before her, chronicling an occasional stray thought; then, finding, to her surprise, that even the composition of prose fiction involves some drudgery, she had decided that Literature was not for her, and had fallen back on the Misanthropy of Inarticulate Genius. Forthwith the Writing-Room, alias the Studio, had become, to the mystification of the servants, the Den.

Before the Misanthropy became rabid she drifted into a Set. There were other Inarticulate Geniuses there—quite a lot of them. She even found Brains and Breeding. Having a natural leaning that way, and plenty of time on her hands, she was soon able to talk Soul States and the Fourth Dimension with the best of them. Unfortunately, her sensibility was so exquisite that she could not avoid noticing that no one ever attended to what she said. The rest of them, like her, listened with impatience to anyone else's utterances, so anxious were they to be doing the uttering themselves. That, partly, was what she meant when she had said that no one had ever understood her. Under the same heading were comprised the additional grievances that she detested her mother and was unhappy at home.

It was difficult to understand how that innocuous, well-meaning little old lady, Agatha's mother, could excite in anyone an emotion so positive as dislike. Occasional exasperation would have been justifiable. She was, it must be admitted, a fool. Though Agatha was thirty, she continued to treat her like a child. As for making allowances for her daughter's temperament, it would have been difficult to persuade the dear old creature that nice women ever had such things. When, as was not uncommon at this period, Agatha slouched down late to breakfast with heavy-lidded eyes, and her mouth turned down at the corners, having lain awake half the night face to face with the misery of existence, her mother was safe to inquire whether she was sure she hadn't eaten anything the night before which had disagreed with her. Wherefore, and because she thought she would be enabled the better to discover herself thereby, Agatha yearned to leave home and live alone, and had suggested as much to her parents at dessert one night after the parlour-maid had retired. They were folk as conventional as only the well-to-do can be, and she was their only child. They had declared

[Continued overleaf.]

“ A CUP O’ COLD PIZEN.”



MR. WYBORN: Ever since I married you, I’ve drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs.
MRS. WYBORN: Yes; imagine you leaving a drain of anything in any cup!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

so simultaneously, and in so exactly duplicate an inflexion, that they could never DREAM of such a thing, that, since she was manifestly unable to provide for herself, there the subject had dropped. But, the refusal happening to coincide with the apostasy of the Sometime Friend, her grisly tandem, Morbidity and Introspection, had from that time onward been given free rein.

Only rarely now was she conscious of a tendency not to be depressed, and such impulses were more easily resisted than heretofore. She brooded eternally; great hot tears would spring to her eyes for no reason at all; and when out of doors she would walk steeped in gloom, oblivious of, indifferent to, her surroundings, save as regards their oblivion of, indifference to, herself; obtaining, nevertheless, a sort of perverted pleasure in the contemplation of her misery, of her utter isolation from the rest of human kind owing to their inability to understand. She was able, in fact, to draw from the bitterness of life a satisfaction which its sweets no longer gave her. The figure holds for her attitude towards food. Morbidity had vitiated her palate. She now found nothing worth the eating but things like caviare, *artichaut à l'huile*, anchovies. Particularly anchovies. She had a passion for anchovies.

It may seem unimportant. I mention it because her liking for them was probably at this time her only genuine, unaffected, whole-hearted emotion. Her mother thought her taste for them plebeian, and steadfastly set her face against their appearance at any other meal than dinner, and then only occasionally. It was, indeed, one of Agatha's minor grievances against her. Once her craving for them had been so strong that she had surreptitiously purchased a small barrelful, and consumed them in the seclusion of her bedroom. Even that had not cured her, as such orgies generally do. But she had never repeated the experiment, and had now perforce to be content with the occasions on which her favourite delicacy was included in her mother's menus. Her abstention sprang from a feeling which had followed (like a sick headache) hard upon the orgie, that the gratification of such mundane impulses was inconsistent with her temperament. In the course of years she had quite warped her temperament by her notion of what was consistent with it.

It came to be quite a practice with her to lie abed hours after the time of rising, because there was nothing in life worth rising for. When she did get up, presumably only because even lying inert was not worth while, her personal appearance was a matter of such indifference to her that her dressing was scamped; even, occasionally, on particularly morbid days, her ablutions. . . . Once downstairs, she would only lounge sluggishly through the hours till bedtime came again.

It was at the end of one such wholly listless day that she had seen the dagger.

She had never seriously considered suicide before. The not infrequent references to "Making an End of it All," and so forth, in the diary, had been mere phrases, the commonplaces of her emotional crises. The dagger woke her for the first time to the existence of self-slaughter as an existing possibility; woke her with a shock, like a dreamer pursuing vague adventures in a shadowy world awakened peremptorily to urgent things.

She had stood, bemused, inspecting it through the glass for several minutes, and had then entered the shop and asked the price. The greasy dealer had begged her to examine it more closely, but as he held it towards her she had shrunk back, shuddering a little with a not unpleasurable dread. She had been glad that the man had demanded an exorbitant price for the dagger. It gave her an excuse to go home empty-handed, to waver, and to wince. . . .

But already her resolution was made, if that of so weak a thing can ever be. It was not merely relief at the prospect of escape; it was the recollection that, in spite of herself, her pulses had quickened, her breath had come short and sharp, her brain had whirled. That was living! And Death had brought it about in a way that Life had never done. She abandoned herself wholly to the new sensation.

On the second day she had seen the blade, tapered, flexible, shining. Again she had returned without it, to warm herself at the fires of a perverted, dreadful joy. The act-to-be had now become wholly desirable, the only real thing in a world of gloomy shades. Her emotions fired at the anticipation of the culminating moment.

The physical sensation of the steel entering her flesh must, she felt, be ecstasy, could not fail to impart the exaltation of a sacrament.

She awaited the appointed hour as one who trembles, but exults, as the bridal night approaches. Eventually she had purchased the dagger at the full sum asked. She dreamed one night that someone else had bought it, and reached the shop next morning before the shutters were down. Pale but triumphant, she had borne away her prize, and, that same day, had sucked a certain sickly pleasure from the making of her preparations.

And now the moment had come. She drew the weapon from its jewelled sheath, with intense appreciation of the value, dramatically, of the act of doing so. She raised her arm and held the blade aloft, agreeably conscious of a duplicate arm doing likewise in the mirror behind her. To pose had become more than second nature with her—to be natural was the most wearisome of poses.

So jealous was she of the supreme moments of her tragedy that she was vigilant lest the minutest element which might contribute to its poignancy should escape her. It was all in her part, as it were, to wonder bitterly whether the instrument might not, after all, be blunt and do its work ill, whether ironic circumstance might not have ordained that she should make as poor a job of death as of life. Momentarily petulant at the picture of being found unduly mutilated, she ran her thumb somewhat carelessly along the blade of the knife, to test it.

She was instantly startled by a sensation of pain. Her hand felt wet. She looked down and saw blood dripping on to her dress. She flung the knife away with an exclamation, and examined her hand anxiously. The wound was actually a small cut in the bend of the thumb, but to her, in her overwrought state, it appeared nothing short of a gash. Panic-stricken, she recalled tales of lock-jaw; hard on that there occurred to her the possibility that the dagger had been poisoned, and frantically she sucked at the injured place. The pain was distorted by her fears. She imagined herself to be suffering tortures. She re-examined the wound, and, naturally, with the cessation of suction, it recommenced to bleed. Her disordered nerves construed the slow oozing as a spurt, the bursting of a vessel.

For a moment she gazed dumbly, stupefied, then, losing all self-control, she shrieked aloud—once, and again, and yet again. No one came. The blood continued to drip on to her dress. It was, as we have seen, her favourite dress, but the fact of its ruin did not now concern her. To her the room was full of blood. She was sick with the smell of it, the taste of it. The room seemed swinging and she felt herself giving at the knees.

She strove feverishly to collect herself. Her brain rushed madly in the effort to recall some crumb of the instructions in the First-Aid Manual she had once made a desultory attempt to study. The word "stanch" came to her as something heaven-sent. She told herself all would be well if she could continue to "stanch" the wound till someone should arrive. She rushed to the other side of the room and pressed her thumb madly against the cold marble mantelpiece. With the renewal of hope it gave her she found energy to shriek again with redoubled vigour. Still no one came. Then she burst into a flood of tears, for it seemed to her that she was being left alone to die!

Eventually, overcome, it is to be supposed, by the unwonted strain of five minutes' genuine emotion, she fainted. When she woke, an hour later, from the heavy sleep into which she had almost insensibly fallen, it was to find herself in bed with a small piece of court-plaster on her thumb. For a moment she was only conscious that the rest had refreshed her, had left her with a faint foreign feeling that was almost hope. Then, with a flush of humiliation, the events of the afternoon came back to her. She had not the sense of humour, poor dear, to laugh at herself and have done. She merely felt acutely that she was a pitiful, impotent, comic thing, and began softly to cry.

To her, after an interval, came Annie, the second parlour-maid, with a tray.

"Oh, Miss Aggie," said she, "I've brought your tea, Miss Aggie. And your mother says, Miss Aggie, that as you've been overtired to-day, she've sent you up some anchovies with your tea—as a special treat."

Life has its compensations.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

"FOR I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE GREEN": LADIES' GOLF.

The Ladies Active.

Many of the very nicest girls are now asking that they may be called a little earlier than usual, and this is not in order that they may kiss the dewdrops from the morning flowers, or pick the pretty posies which this happy month does yield us, or anything of that kind which is old-fashioned or idyllic. The girls are asking to be called in order that they may be sure of catching the early train to Turnberry, which is very far away from most places that are not in the south-west of Scotland. Alternatively, those girls who are already at Turnberry are requesting the Boots to give them an early knock in order that they may get a ball down on the first tee before most of the others, and so have a comfortable round. Large numbers of these girls go to Turnberry from London, many from the middle and northern parts of England, a few from Wales, dozens from Scotland, and some really good ones from Ireland, not forgetting that there are also a few from Colonial places; and the reason for all this specially early rising and the catching of trains and getting down to the first tee betimes is that the greatest days of all the ladies' golfing year are coming on, for at the end of this very week the international matches are to be played, and next week the Twentieth Annual Ladies' Golf Championship will be played through from start to finish. All this will be done at Turnberry, and I am certain—having taken some trouble to ascertain the prospects—that it will be not less interesting than it has been before. Turnberry is a splendid place for such a gathering. The holes are good to play and fine to look upon, the place is delightful to stay at, and I believe that this very big party of very nice golfing girls—getting on for two hundred of them—will have a jolly good time. Much depends on the weather, of course, but then the lady golfer is not by any means so dependent on the weather as some people may think.

Selecting Internationals.

The international matches will be specially interesting this year, and the greatest pains have been taken in the selection of the sides. One of the lady selectors told me in advance of a terrible piece of cruelty she was going to inflict on some of the candidates for places in her team—I suppose I ought not to disclose which international side it is. She said that of course there was no doubt as to which ladies would fill the top places in the team—there never is; but, as always, in men's golf as well as in the other kind, there is much doubt, difficulty, and anxiety about the other places. So she was going to make all the

possibles and probables play together in four-ball foursomes, watch them at it, and then fill up the places in her side according to the form that was displayed. I urged that this was a rather severe test, and perhaps not a fair one. How could these girls do their best, I asked, when they knew that the keen eyes of the lady selector were studying them every stroke, and when they knew that so much depended on it? The lady selector squashed this argument out very flat, and I withdrew what was left of it. She said that if a girl could not do herself justice when her place was dependent on it she would not be likely to do herself that same justice when her country was depending on it; and if she could not stand one critical person watching her, how would she bear a large crowd of onlookers with their cheers, and also their significant silences, to say nothing of the suspicions of moans which one hears sometimes, or thinks one hears, when a ball goes into a bunker and a nation is by way of getting buried there at the same time? This contention is unanswerable.

Who will be Lady Champion?

But the championship is the thing, after all, and it seems certain to be a very good championship indeed. Some people complain that several of the best players are drawn so that they must inevitably meet early in the competition, but experience has always shown that even when this happens there is no lack of stirring and important matches in the later stages, and a study of the draw seems to make it impossible that the final stages of the ladies' championship of 1912 will be any less interesting than usual. It is really a remarkable fact that this year there are no fewer than five of the Misses Leitch entered

for the championship. Two of them are drawn together. This remarkable family of golfing girls seems to be taking the place of the wonderful Hezlets, of whom Miss Violet, the finalist of last year, is the only one now entering in her maiden name, though the greatest golfer of them all, Mrs. Ross, who was once Miss May Hezlet, is to be a competitor again. Miss Violet has a very hot match in the first round, in which she is drawn against Miss Bertha Thompson. Only once has a married lady won the championship, but the class make an unusually strong contingent this year. For the first time, there is no Miss Issette Pearson in the lists, but there is a Mrs. Miller, which is exactly the same thing, and, though she may not hope to win through, there are some married ladies who do. Let those who consider the draw not overlook the fact that Mrs. Jock

Gibb, a most unfamiliar name, stands for her who was till lately Miss Maud Titterton. In the meantime, I fancy that most people who feel disposed to bet about it, and want to select two favourites from all the others, will pounce upon Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Gladys Ravenscroft.

HENRY LEACH.



STAGE GOLF: MR. W. H. BERRY, AS BRISSARD, DRIVING AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Hana.



REAL GOLF: MR. W. H. BERRY DRIVING AT ENFIELD.

Photograph by L. Windsor.

"FORMER FRIEND" AND FORMER "MAN OF STRAW": THE RIVALS.

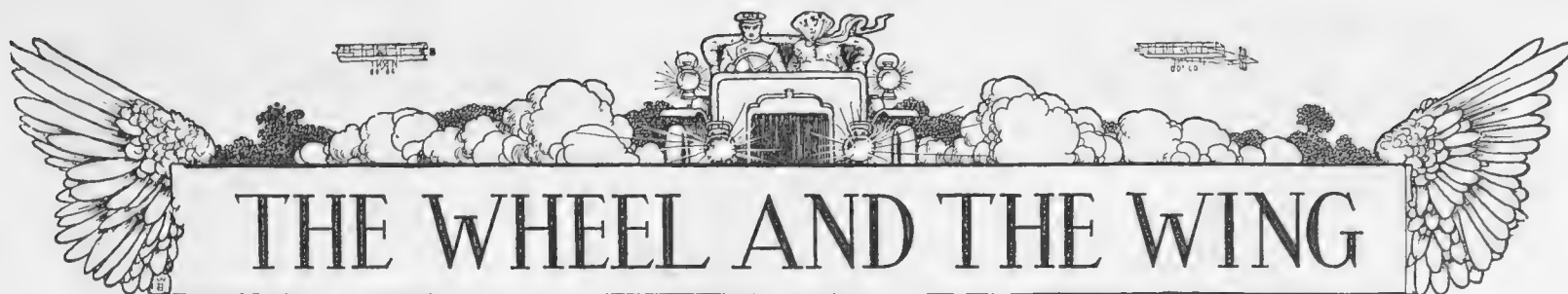


1. and 4. "I WAS A MAN OF STRAW": PRESIDENT TAFT.

2. and 3. MR. TAFT'S "FORMER FRIEND": EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Great Britain is not vastly interested, as a rule, in the politics of the United States, or in her politicians, but there come to the front at times men who, by force of character or force of circumstances, grow to be familiar to her. Such are President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt, who are waging political war to the death. A few days ago, Mr. Taft, delivering speeches, referred to Mr. Roosevelt now as "my former friend," now as "my antagonist." He said also, "I was a man of straw, but I have been a man of straw long enough. Every man who has been misrepresented as I have been is forced to fight." Mr. Roosevelt, answering Mr. Taft's speeches, said: "This talk that I am stirring up class-hatred is arrant nonsense. If President Taft's policy of flabby indecision and hopeless acquiescence in the wrong-doing of crooked bosses and crooked financiers is permitted to continue, class-hatred will really grow up in this country." Both rivals agreed, however, over the question of Reciprocity, which, to quote a recently published letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Taft to Mr. Roosevelt early last year, was to make Canada "only an adjunct of the United States."

Photographs by L.N.A., Underwood and Underwood, and Topical.



Spare Parts: Points for Consideration.

There are many points, other than reliability and suitability, which an intending purchaser of a car should—indeed, must—take into consideration when on the eve of placing his order. Inquiry should always be made if the firm to be dealt with issues a Spare Parts Catalogue. Particularly is this the case if the car is to be taken to a remote part of the country, or out of the kingdom altogether. I am moved to this advice by the inspection of a copy of the Wolseley Spare Parts Catalogue for the 12-16-h.p. model, which has just reached me, and which I do not hesitate to characterise as the most perfect thing of its kind yet brought to my notice. The greatest care has been bestowed on its production, and no expense spared. Each part—and there are more of them than I care to estimate—is presented by a beautifully clear sketch, which is numbered to correspond with a priced and referenced list on the opposite page. With this book in his hand and the part required before him, be it ever so small, the merest novice cannot fail to order correctly. Before succumbing to the insidious seduction of a cheap alien car, the intending purchaser should not only assure himself that a proper spare-parts catalogue is available, but that the parts are available likewise.

A Nut for the Police to Crack.

There has of late been much rejoicing amongst the motorphobists at the accepted notion that the claws of the A.A. Road Patrol had been more or less clipped, and that his usefulness to the member of his association, in warning him of sections of the highway where the police considered any speed over the legal limit to be dangerous, had been destroyed. However this may be, another variant of colour is thrown upon the matter by the case of a patrol summoned before the Kingston County Bench lately for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. It was alleged that the patrol rode through a measured distance and warned a car, and subsequently, taking up a position outside the control, warned another car, *estimated* by the police to be travelling at thirty miles per hour. Yet another car was said to have been warned, but was timed by the

was interfering with the police in the execution of their duty. He referred to the cases of *Bastable v. Little* and *Betts v. Stevens*. *The magistrates dismissed the summons.*

The Vauxhall Grand Prix Team.

However the great French Grand Prix may result, it is gratifying to realise that this country will be represented by sheer quality in men and machines. The decision of the Vauxhall Company to place its cars in the charge of an all-British team is an admirable one, as the glamour of success, if it accrued to an English vehicle steered by an alien driver, would not be quite so satisfying as would otherwise be the case. At the wheel of the Vauxhall cars there will be those tried speed artists, Messrs. A. J. Hancock, W. Watson, and Harry Ferguson. The review of these names will remove any doubt as to a handicap in this respect. There will be no lack of nerve or determination in the Vauxhall team. Messrs. Hancock and Watson are old hands at the game, while Mr. Ferguson is a past master in motor-cycling and motor-driving, and during the past two years he has engaged successfully in aviation. The reserve man of the Vauxhall team is Mr. Percy Lambert, not unknown at Brooklands.



WHY NOT A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR MOTORING HOME RULERS—IRISH AND OTHERWISE? THE HOME OF JOHN REDMOND, SOMETIMES CALLED THE DICTATOR—THE OLD BARRACKS AT AUGHAVANAGH, CO. WICKLOW.

The Price of Petrol Again.

The price of petrol is still a burning question, and in the view of most motorists whose pockets are none too deep, the governing bodies of automobilism are altogether too supine in the matter. An attempt has been made by the Secretary of the Coventry and Warwickshire M.C. to spur the R.A.C. into action, and I notice that the subject has been referred to the Technical Committee. The matter should be taken up in no half-hearted manner, for, if I am rightly informed, the great passenger-carrying companies are buying their petrol at less than half the price per gallon at which the private consumer can purchase it in London, where it is cheapest. No explanation of the high price is forthcoming from the importing companies, upon whom pressure should be brought by the body aforesaid and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. At



MARKING THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD, CALLED THE IRISH SIMPLON: MR. JOHN REDMOND'S BARRACK RESIDENCE IN CO. WICKLOW.



WILL IT EVER BE USED FOR LIKE PURPOSE? THE "PIKESTONE" ON THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD, USED BY REBELS OF 1798, WHO PLACED PRISONERS AGAINST IT TO PIKE THEM.

MOTORISTS IN IRELAND, DON'T FORGET: IN THE COUNTRY OF JOHN REDMOND.

Mr. John Redmond makes his Irish home in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains. He has converted the old military barracks of Aughavanagh into a unique residence. It is one of four barracks set on the "Great Military Road," sometimes called "the Irish Simplon." The tranquillity restored to the country by the construction of this road soon made the barracks unnecessary, but until fifty years ago a sergeant's guard was stationed in each of them. (See Article elsewhere.)—[Photographs by H. Archer.]

police to do twenty-seven miles per hour. The solicitor for the defence did not call any evidence, but submitted that, before the Bench could convict, they must be satisfied with the evidence of the police that the cars when warned were being driven at a speed of over twenty miles per hour, and also that the defendant

one time, the price of fuel was more or less a negligible quantity, but it is quite the reverse to-day, and running costs are militating considerably against the market in the higher-powered cars. As it is in this class of output that the major profit to the industry resides, I am at a loss to divine why the Society does not move.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE PLAYWRIGHT'S LATEST "MILIEU": STAGE BANKS AND BANKING.

Banks on the Boards.

Of all the popular phrases and proverbs few prove so often true as "It never rains but it pours," which must not be confounded with the well-known French "Palisserie," "Quand il pleut il tombe de l'eau." Nor must M. de la Palisse be mistaken for Mr. Pélissier! Although, to the best of my belief, our theatre has not had any play about banks or banking during a very long time, we find quite suddenly upon the boards at the present moment two plays that deal with bankers: Mr. Vachell's comedy, called "Jelf's," at Wyndham's Theatre, and the drama entitled "The Five Frankforters," at the Lyric Theatre. Everybody knows that the Five Frankforters in question were the five sons of Mayer Anselm, who set up, against his father's wishes, as a moneylender at the sign of the "Red Shield" (Rothschild), in the Frankfort Judengasse, and that from them, or rather from him, came the great family of uncrowned kings whose financial influence is alleged, on several occasions, to have prevented a war from breaking out. Really, when you think of the matter, it is remarkable that banks or banking—comparatively modern institutions, no doubt—have had so little of the dramatists' attention. Certainly individual characters in drama have been called bankers, the most famous of them being Torvald, husband of Nora, the heroine of "A Doll's House." Still, although we hear a good deal about the appointment or non-appointment of Krogstadt to a post in Helmer's institution, nothing really turns upon banking.

A Run on a Bank.

There is something thrilling in the phrase, "a run on a bank," a phrase not easily matched in vivid suggestion of widespread ruin, and there are many ways in which the effects may be used on the stage, comically or tragically—comically, as in the tale of the desperate banker who shovelled out his sovereigns red-hot so that his frenzied customers might waste time in counting them, and keep others back; or in the story of the Dublin mob which sacked a bank in a moment of passion and vengefully tore up the bank's own notes, thinking thereby to hurt it—perhaps the humorous point of this second story might not be appreciated by a general audience. Think, too, of the dramatic effect of the arrival of a coachload of gold just in the nick of time in the old days when bank operations were largely conducted by cash, and when Mayer Anselm, by using carrier-pigeons and fast sailing-boats of his own, used to get early information which put him a long way ahead of his rivals. One could invent a big *clou* for Drury Lane: Vault of the Bank of England; entry of motor bandits by subterranean passage; desperate struggle with the detachment of Guards, which you may see any afternoon marching down Cheapside for its night's lodging in the sacred institution,

which is said to entertain the soldiers very handsomely; triumph—temporary, of course—of villainy, revolving scene and flight of motor bandits on stolen racing car. I trust, if this suggestion is used, the author's rights will be recognised. Or there is the "hold-up" of a bank by masked men with revolvers, of which America had a monopoly till Bonnot and his confederates played the deadly game successfully at Chantilly. Really, there are quite splendid dramatic possibilities in a bank which dramatists have neglected. Possibly the early ones ignored them because the rates of remuneration for play-writing made it hardly necessary for them to keep banking accounts, and they took no interest in banks or banking.



PERI-WINKLE: MISS JULIA JAMES, WHO IS APPEARING IN "IMPROPER PETER," AT THE GARRICK.

Miss Julia James, the Periwinkle of "Improper Peter," is meeting with considerable success at the Garrick.—[Photograph by Rassano.]

knowing it, invested their money on a "dead cert" or two which had the customary fate of "dead certs"; though, to be just, much of it was used in legitimate arbitrage transactions, which I dare not attempt to explain to the general reader.

And there was the outstanding case of another private bank, through which many people, ignorantly, were vulgar moneylenders, and also invested their money in wild cat Canadian schemes. However, if I am not careful, I shall get away from the stage, and talk finance, not drama. Still, finance, ably handled, is as good a subject for a play as love or false teeth or horse-racing, and the main weakness of the ordinary financial play is that the author funks his subject. At the moment when I am writing, "The Five Frankforters" is only on the eve of production, so I cannot say much about it.

There is a love-story in it, as well as a tale concerning the greatest financial house the world has seen, and the Brothers Anselm, Solomon, Nathan (the greatest of them), Jacob (the youngest), and Karl. And during the week we are to have a play at the Little Theatre by Baron Henri de Rothschild—what would Mayer Anselm have thought of that?—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



A YACHT ON THE STAGE: IMPROPER PETER AND OTHERS IN THE CABIN OF "THE NUT," AT THE GARRICK.

From left to right are Mr. Frank Atherley as Captain Mitchener, Mr. Herbert Sleath as Charles, Miss Saba Raleigh as Flora Everest, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke as Helen Mitchener, Mr. Frederick Kerr as Sir Walter Stancombe, Miss Julia James as Periwinkle, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier as Peter Everest.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A Doughty
Giant-Killer.**

Miss May Sinclair, in her learned, brilliant, and eminently "fighting" pamphlet called "Feminism," has proved herself more than capable of tackling single-handed, like Jack-the-Giant-Killer, so redoubtable an enemy as Sir Almroth Wright. And no one can read her statements without acknowledging that all the reasonableness, the logic, the fairness is on the side of the woman writer, and all the passion, prejudice, and ignorance is on the side of the eminent bacteriologist. Sir Almroth Wright may know more about bacilli than any living person, but he seems to know less about the women of the present day than anyone who has added their quota to this discussion. Miss Sinclair, indeed, is equipped at every point for combat with the learned. She has not only Greek and Latin, but, what is more important, an intellect which is at once sane and logical, and which is eminently scientific in its methods of attack. For, curiously enough, it is the Doctor who generalises and makes sweeping charges which he cannot prove; while the author of "The Divine Fire," with her sharp little hatchet, hews down the giant, together with the forest of decaying prejudice in which he has entrenched himself. It is a spirited and inspiring performance, and one which, added to Mr. Sidney Low's recent satirical onslaught on this egregious scientist in the *Standard*, will hearten the friends of progress for a long time to come.

**Those
"Womanly"
Women.**

It is a curious trait in femininity that women who, at a crisis, would probably be capable of heroic actions show an amazing disregard for other people's comfort in the small, humdrum things of life. There is the woman—generally a delightful, irresponsible creature of engaging manners—who always keeps her husband waiting half-an-hour while she adjusts her hat at some impossible angle; who is always late for trains; and who will keep half-a-dozen hungry Cabinet Ministers, Judges, and Generals waiting for their soup at a dinner-party. This kind of female is of the dear old-fashioned type called a "thoroughly womanly woman," and in this genus must be included those pretty creatures who insist on wearing large hats at afternoon performances, and who go to the opera and sit in the stalls with formidable comets fastened to their heads at the side, which effectually shut out the view of "Tristan and Isolde," or of the toes of Karsavina or Nijinsky. I am glad to see a spirited male writing to the papers to protest against the latter proceeding. Theatrical managers have already brought pressure to bear on the subject of vast hats in auditoriums. Who knows if, before long, we shall see, at Covent Garden and the London Opera House, a notice to the effect that "Ladies are requested to remove their headdresses before entering." A stall at the opera, during the London season, is an expensive form of amusement, and the purchaser of a seat might at least have a reasonable chance of witnessing the performance as well as hearing the music.

**The Bitter Road
to Beauty.**

It must not be supposed, by those unambitious womenfolk who like to lead ordinary lives, that great beauty is arrived at without strenuous effort or heroic abnegations. To listen to the experts, one would think that the lovely beings we see about must wade through sacrifice to perfection. They must give up, to begin with, most of the things to eat and drink which civilised people find palatable. Tea and coffee must be rigorously shunned; still less may they look upon the wine when it is red, or even when it is yellow. The strivers after a pink-and-white complexion must eat little or no meat, but carrots are warmly recommended. Yet is there a more uninspiring article of diet than a carrot to be found on a planet which provides so many delightful things to eat? The carrot may be eaten cooked in various ways, or in the simple state of Nature in which it is beloved by the common or garden ass: in any form the earnest dietist may feel assured that her complexion will give proof of her efforts. Glasses of cold water or strictly moderate quantities of orange-juice are the only beverages permitted, an occasional cup of warm milk being the only form of desperate drink allowed. Add to this rigorous diet physical exercises, baths of all sorts, massage, dumb-bells, running, walking before breakfast, resting at the psychological moment, and going to bed early, and it will be seen that not only is the beauty's life, like the policeman's, "not a happy one," but that it requires amazing courage, pertinacity, and self-denial to attain the desired end.



THE FASHIONS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING; ZIMMERMANN CREATIONS.

On the left is an afternoon dress made of ultramarine-coloured muslin over a rose foundation, with applications of large flowers and foliage to trim the bodice and the tunic. In the centre is a walking-gown, with a delaine tunic, in a large black and white check, fastened at the side with braid buttons. This figure and that on the right represent parts of the same costume: the "tunic mantle" and the dress go so well together that it is difficult to dissociate the two. The right-hand figure wears a tennis-dress of gooseberry-coloured linen; an old-fashioned braid tracery forms the tunic.

**Decrepit
Forty.**

Not the least amusing thing about the Manifesto of Signor Marinetti, the Futurist poet, is his frenzied conviction that at forty years of age he and his comrades of the new coterie will be past work, their ideas exhausted, their places taken by youngsters of twenty. "The oldest among us," he declares, "are thirty; we have therefore ten years at

least to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others, younger and more valiant, throw us into the basket like useless manuscripts. . . ." At present, in their third decade, they are filled with "fire, hatred, and speed," and their one idea is to destroy the masterpieces of the world—with scathing words, if not by actual violence. They are the Anarchists of Art, for tradition, continuity, prestige, are all anathema to them. Italy, they say, is covered with museums which are like cemeteries. And the young Italian of to-day may be pardoned if he feels annoyance at being for ever reminded by foreigners that he possesses little that is remarkable or beautiful which has been created later than the seventeenth century. Thus it is that the young and bold spirits of the New Italy are in a desperate hurry to achieve fame, no matter by what means, or in how eccentric a manner. An artist who is convinced he will be a fogey at two-score is decidedly "a young man in a hurry."

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 13.

MONEY.

MONEY continues plentiful, and it was hoped that the Directors of the Bank of England would see their way to reduce the Bank Rate last week. Although this hope was not realised, it will probably not be long before the reduction takes place. The pending international loan for China, and the fact that the official rate of the Reichsbank is 5 per cent., are perhaps responsible for this decision, but as the Reserve is now £2,000,000 higher than at this time last year, when the rate was 3 per cent., and there is a marked absence of Continental demand for gold, the change cannot now be long delayed.

NITRATE DIVIDENDS.

Although one or two of the announcements, such as Colorado and San Lorenzo, have been disappointing, most of the dividends recently declared by Nitrate Companies have been of a very satisfactory character. Market conditions during 1911 were very favourable, but as the price of nitrate has since advanced still further, we are of opinion that the results for 1912 will be even more gratifying to the shareholders. The Pan de Ayucar directors announce an interim dividend of six shillings per £5 share against a total distribution of the same amount for the financial year 1910-11, and it looks as though the dividend is going to be restored to a 12 per cent. basis.

The directors of the Salar del Carmen Company have declared a final dividend of 20 per cent. for 1911, making 30 per cent. for the year against 20 per cent. for the previous one. Shareholders of the Liverpool Nitrate Company receive an interim dividend of 50 per cent. against 25 per cent. last year, and the Angela Nitrate Company has just declared a final distribution of 17½ per cent., making 25 per cent. in all for the year.

In view of the above results it is not surprising that quotations in many instances have advanced sharply, but many of the shares yield good returns, and we are still of opinion that the capital issues of the well-managed concerns will see even higher prices in the near future.

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION.

The anti-trust policy of the United States Government has undoubtedly caused the directors of American Railway Companies to postpone a large part of their construction programmes until the outlook in this direction is more settled. For some time past this fact has materially affected the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation, and no very great hopes were entertained as to the result of the last quarter's working; but, even so, the cabled figures are disappointing.

Net earnings in the period amount to 17,982,000 dollars against 23,519,200 for the corresponding three months of 1911. This total is the lowest shown for a long while past, and is some 400,000 dollars below the figures recorded for the first quarter of 1908, when the industrial depression was at its height in America.

The usual quarterly dividends of 1¼ per cent. on the Preferred, and 1¼ per cent. on the Common stock are declared, although, in order to do so, it has been necessary to debit the revenue account with 6,292,000 dollars, or practically the amount required to pay the dividend on the Common stock.

There was a slight improvement during March, and it is satisfactory to note that unfilled orders on hand at present amount to 5,305,000 tons against 3,447,000 at this time last year. This fact is especially welcome, because prices of finished products are very low, and a considerable expansion in the demand will be necessary before they can again be raised.

P. AND O. STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

In the Miscellaneous Market the feature of last week was the sharp fall of P. and O. Deferred on Thursday in consequence of the Directors' statement that they had no knowledge of any combine or amalgamation scheme.

In the face of a similar statement some weeks ago, we expressed the opinion that the object of the recent heavy buying was to secure control, with the ultimate idea of coming to some arrangement with other Companies. While no one can for a moment doubt the genuineness of the directors' statement, we are still of the same opinion as to the final outcome. In this connection, however, it is interesting to note that the voting value of the Deferred stock will be considerably affected by the issue of £1,160,000 additional Preferred stock, and we wonder if this has had anything to do with the issue.

YATYANTOTA TEA AND RUBBER COMPANY.

On January 31 we referred to the shares of this Company, and suggested that the final dividend would be not less than 15 per cent., making 25 per cent. in all for the year, and a dividend at this rate has now been declared. The accounts to be presented this week show

a profit, including £2490 brought forward, of £41,737. After payment of the dividend £1500 is written off the cost of the properties, etc., and £10,500 is added to the general reserve, while the carry-forward is increased to £4537.

From the above it is clear that over 35 per cent. has been earned on the Ordinary shares, and although the price has advanced from 2½ to 2¾ since last we referred to them, we still consider them one of the most attractive purchases in this market.

THE ARAUCO RAILWAY.

The following note from our correspondent "Q" will be of interest to those readers—and they are numerous—who are always on the look-out for an investment which promises to give a good return with improving prospects.

The shares of the *Arauco Company* are quoted at the time of writing at 8¼ as compared with a highest price in 1911 of 6½ and a lowest price in the same year of 77s. 6d. As the dividend for the past year amounts to 6 per cent. as against 2½ for 1910, there has been ample justification for the advance in the quotation, and it seems likely that a considerably higher price may be reached. On the basis of the present dividend, the shares return 6¼ per cent. at the current price—one of the highest returns among Foreign Rails; but from the statements made by the Chairman at the annual meeting on Monday last, it seems certain that a higher dividend will be paid for the current year. The exact words used by Sir Robert Harvey were: "I might almost say that, with a continuance of our present prosperity, we can look forward to being able next year to recommend a moderate increase in our present dividend. I am led to forecast this because of the continuance in this year of satisfactory railway traffics, coal-production, and forward sales of coal." Later in his speech the Chairman stated: "We have even made contracts already fully totalling the sales of last year—namely, 170,000 tons." On the whole, the prospects of the Company appear extremely promising, and I should not be at all surprised to see a further advance to over £12 in the course of the next year or two. Q.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"If I live to be a hundred I shall never make a speculator," said The Jobber disconsolately.

"Been losing your money again?" asked The Engineer innocently.

"You will have to cultivate the investment sense," The Broker assured him. "Go in for schemes of the geographical distribution of wealth, and so on."

"What's the use of the schemes if you haven't got the wealth?" was the gloomy response.

"Anglo-Continental?" inquired The Broker.

The Jobber muttered something under his breath which it may or may not have been a good thing that The Carriage failed to hear.

"I suppose the Tin Market's just about done for," observed The Merchant. "Were you ever out in Northern Nigeria?"

"No," replied The Engineer; "unfortunately, I didn't get there. But there is going to be an awful lot of money lost over some of these Tin things: in my opinion, anyway."

"Wish I knew which were the sheep and which the goats."

"We're the goats," said The Jobber, still steeped in depression. "If you buy the shares, they go down, and when you sell a bear they go up."

"A Stock Exchange man often advises other people much better than himself; I know from experience," said The Banker, coming to the rescue.

"Thank you very much, Sir," was The Jobber's ready appreciation, while The Broker added:

"We are so horribly swayed by the look of the market at the moment that we do stupid things for ourselves almost on impulse."

"In advising a client," continued The Banker, "I honestly believe that a broker takes a longer, and therefore a saner, view, especially when it is a case of investment."

"Now, what would you advise for investment?" asked The Merchant in the lull of conversation.

"Speculative investment," The Engineer suggested. "Leave Anglo-Continental and Benue and such-like to those who ride in motor-cars, and tell us something reliable."

"Speculative investment is an elastic term," said the Broker. "It might range from Broken Hills to—to Consols!"

"That new India 3½ per cent. scrip is undoubtedly cheap," observed The Banker. "The loan came out at 93, and I understand that the partly paid scrip is to be obtained at an eighth discount."

"For Special Settlement," said The Broker, "it looks very cheap."

"Those 6 per cent. Income Bonds of the Underground Electric Railway Company, about 92, have a rise of several points left in them," suggested The Jobber.

"Will they get the 6 per cent. this year?" asked The Merchant.

"Shouldn't think so," The City Editor answered him. "I hear on first-class authority that the present intention is to pay 4 per cent. in the autumn, or 5 per cent. if the Company does phenomenally well."

"As it's doing, of course," The Broker added.

"In one way, that is all the more reason why the Board should strengthen the reserves all they can."

"Do you ever see the Rio Tramway figures?" inquired The

[Continued on page 162.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Opening Season.

We have made a beginning of a season which will be full and interesting, if not particularly brilliant. Political unrest, want of confidence about labour, and a certain feeling of not knowing what is coming next in the affairs of Europe make us a preoccupied nation just now. We amuse ourselves, of course, but not so wholeheartedly as usual. A large number of people who were wont to entertain much are curtailing expenses because of the increase in taxation. It reminds me of the beginning of land troubles and Land League agitation in Ireland. Then it was considered quite the right thing to be "stony broke" over there; no nice people had any money. Now and here in England, the nice people begin to feel little better than paupers, and are unable to take the feeling so light-heartedly as the Irish. Last week was fairly full. The King was at Newmarket until Friday. The Queen was about a great deal. Very handsome, very stately, very gracious looked her Majesty on the occasions that I saw her. I foresee a great love for her on the part of the people; it is ever growing. English folk are not conquered suddenly by the personality of a Queen, but when they are, it is complete surrender, and Queen Mary will win the very best that is in them. A fine, consistent character, a clever brain, and a warm, kind heart are hers; with loyalty, ever hers from her people, she will soon have love.



RECALLING THE "SPONGE-BAG" TROUSERS OF OLD: A LONGCHAMP COSTUME.

The check which is so conspicuous a feature of this costume recalls the "sponge-bag" pattern for trousers formerly affected by City men.

of green and grey; grey San Toy frocks—in fact, dresses of all the new fabrics and new shades, cut with rare skill, graceful and smart. Dainty and charming layettes are also a specialty at this very bright and cheery establishment.

At the Opera.

It is in the Opera-house, as at dances, that one sees the most young people, men and women. They seem to love music—really to love it, because they sit through the Wagnerian operas with apparent appreciation. The Hon. George Keppel brought his daughter the other night. She is like her mother, and has the same humorous expression about the mouth. Her brows and eyes are more like those of her father, who seems to take great pleasure in chaperoning her. Lady de Trafford had her girl with her; so, too, had the Countess of Limerick, herself a brilliant pianist and a great lover of music. Priscilla Countess Annesley had Lady Clare Annesley with her. She has a charming voice, which has been well cultivated. The Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett, Lord and Lady Alistair Innes-Kerr, Viscount and Viscountess Newport,

Ever Smart. Women who want always to appear at their best, even when circumstances compel them to go quietly for a while, will do well to see some of the delightfully cut and very up-to-date and graceful dresses and coats made by Madame Barri, of 72, Baker Street. Her prices are extraordinarily small in comparison with the skill expended on her gowns and the faultless taste shown in them. They are, when required for clients taking things quietly for a time, fitted over the special corset designed by Madame Barri, which is wonderfully comfortable and becoming to the figure. There are very smart dinner dresses in black charmeuse and marquisette, with sphinx-and-oxydised-silver embroidery, so placed as to make the figure look its tallest and slightest, cachemire-de-soie gowns in soft shades



IN THE BALMY AIRS OF MAY: A LIGHT OVER-WRAP AT LONGCHAMP.

The lightness of some of the Parisian costumes lately seen on the racecourse at Longchamps brings home the fact that May is here and summer close at hand.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Lady Noreen Bass and Lady Rowena Paterson, who have hunted the harriers of their brother, Lord Huntingdon, were also there, and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, who takes a great interest in her husband's horses in training. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild was an absentee.

The ladies present all looked just right; but to expect latest fashions or a display of panier at Newmarket at any time is ridiculous, more so when the year is young and east winds blow.

Just now, when the country is covered by sunny leagues of primroses, that very different affair, the Primrose League, is rather under a cloud. This is due to the fact that its venerable Vice-Chancellor, Mr. George Lane-Fox, is resigning a post he has held with singular success for a longer term of years than he at all cares to count. The eldest son of a great Yorkshire squire, who hunted his namesake, the fox, and hated the French with an old-fashioned fervour that forbade him ever to cross the Channel, and, indeed, put him in fear of invasion when foreigners came in unprecedented numbers to the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr. George Fox, junior, renounced a great inheritance to join the Roman Catholic Church. He gave up Bramham to a younger brother (now an M.P.), housed himself near the Oratory in South Kensington, married twice—the second time to a sister of Lady Lovat—maintained into old age his reputation as one of the handsomest men of his generation, and became a sort of political father-confessor to the great ladies who have never felt themselves "unsexed" by bringing voters other than themselves to the polls. Mr. Lane-Fox takes many agreeable memories of the League into his retirement, and leaves none other behind him.



GREEK AND COOL: Mlle. SYLVIE, OF THE PARIS ODÉON.

The above is, of course, a stage costume, but it is one that obviously will possess attractions in real life if we have another hot summer. Moreover, the Greek style—as worn, for instance, by Miss Maggie Teyte at the Albamra—is becoming very popular.—[Photograph by Watery.]

and Viscount Castlereagh were all to be seen among the older opera-goers. I notice that jewelled filets in the hair are much worn. They are most becoming and very effective.

Funny Figures.

The spring edition of the silhouette is just out, and is funnier than the winter one. When a tall, slim girl passes along the street with a thin, blue-serge skirt, so skimpy that the worst fears seem justified, reaching between the knees and ankles, showing open-work black stockings, and patent leather shoes with broad black-silk bows, the upper part of the person square and substantial, the hat well down over the face and neck, and wreathed with spring flowers, a grin grows wider and wider on every face. The curious lack of grace of the restricted stride caught by the narrow skirt, the want of proportion between the attenuated nether-part and the well-developed upper portion of the form, and the concealed neck, make a figure so bizarre that we can only think that, like bulldogs, and delft monstrosities, the beauty must consist in the ugliness!

At the Races.

No one who knows the ropes looks to Newmarket for any display of fashion. Smart women were there last week looking smart, but after the race-going style, in tailor-made, serge, velvet, cloth, frieze, tweed, and (inelegantly named) rattine coats and skirts. Someone naïvely remarked that no paniers were worn. These are, of course, suited only for very thin materials, which were entirely unfitted for bitter winds, such as blew over the Heath last week. The King was there, and it is generally understood that his Majesty is going in for racing this season. The Duchess of Newcastle was present. Her Grace, who is as good a judge of a horse as she is of a fox-terrier, rarely misses a good meeting. Pretty little Viscountess Villiers, looking charming, was there, and the Hon. Lady Bailey, who, as the Hon. Mary Westenra, was Master of a pack of harriers.



BEARING HER STRIPES BRAVELY: A COSTUME SEEN AT LONGCHAMP.

What is Euclid's definition of parallel straight lines? Never mind. Here is ocular demonstration in a dainty proposition.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Continued from page 160.]

Engineer. "They are wonderful. The way that Company has gone ahead in the last seven years is amazing."

"What is the dividend?"

"Only 5 per cent. at present, paid quarterly, and the price is 131. But it is almost certain to be raised to 7 or 8 per cent. before long. Those shares ought to be picked up on a flat day."

"Another cheap stock is the Buenos Ayres and Pacific new 5 per cent. Debenture at 108," said The Banker. "There is the Company's 4½ per cent. Second Debenture standing at 105, so it is worth while exchanging from one into the other."

"All those Argentine Railways pour out stock," objected The City Editor. "And the Pacific passed its interim dividend on the Ordinary stock, you know."

"Which is all to the good of the pre-Ordinary issues," retorted The Broker. "It leaves them in a safer position really."

"Cement 5 per cent. Second Debenture at 91 is an old favourite of mine," said The Merchant.

"It ought to be good enough of its kind," was The Broker's comment. "The second issue, I rather fancy, has not got fully placed in the hands of investors, and the coal strike did the Company a certain amount of damage. Still, as I said, the Debenture stock should be sound enough."

"I believe in Shell Transports," declared The Engineer. "Everything points to the Oil industry being in for a jolly good time, and the Shell Company is the pick of that market."

"They'll go to 7 all right," The Jobber confirmed. "Unless——"

"Go on."

"Unless I buy any for myself. When *that* happens, all you chaps can go a bear of Shells! Oh, funny dogs, aren't you?" he retorted as the others called out, "We will! We will!"

Saturday, May 4, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WORRY.—Your list consists of Companies whose shares have had big rises lately and fluctuate very widely. For an outsider to buy is certainly risky at present. As investments, we can see little attraction in Nos. 3, 4, and 6 at current quotations, whatever their gambling merits. We suggest Rio Trams and Arauco Railway Ordinary, with, perhaps, United of Havana Ordinary as well.

BRAZIL.—Buy a few more, and then your holding will be still represented by a nice average. They will, we hear, go better:

G. M. M.—Thank you.

E. J.—Financial speculation is not a matter for which anyone can claim certainty. We think you should hold for a higher price.

CAM.—Forget all about the Guayaquils, and one day you will wake up and find you have got a cheque for the arrears of interest and a ten-point profit on the stock.

D. C. A.—The Company is quite unknown, and we can get no price. This sort of holding is very unsatisfactory.

D. M. R.—See answers to "Paris" in our issue of April 24 and to "Spero" in that of the 17th, also to "Worry" this week. Spread the money over five securities from those lists and you will get 5 per cent. with considerable safety.

THE SANTA MARIA OIL-FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA, LTD., is offering 50,000 10 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each, entitling the holders to a cumulative 10 per cent. in priority to the Ordinary shares, and after the latter have received the same dividend, to participate rateably in further distributions. The Company was formed in March 1911, to purchase certain freehold oil-lands, and interests in others, in California, for which the purchase-price was £50,000 in cash and £750,000 in Ordinary shares. The Company has been drilling wells, of which two at least have reached the producing stage. The properties are connected with the Southern Pacific Railway by a line 22½ miles long, with a terminus immediately below the Company's storage-tanks; and then there are also two pipe-lines connecting the properties with the coast. Preference in allotment will be given to the holders of the present Preference shares, and the issue is underwritten at what amounts to a commission of 5 per cent. cash and 10 per cent. in Ordinary shares.

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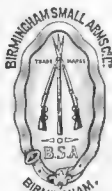
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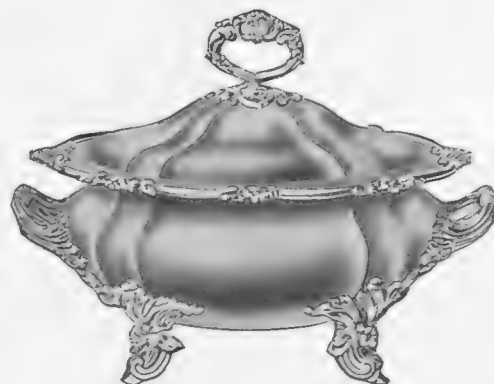
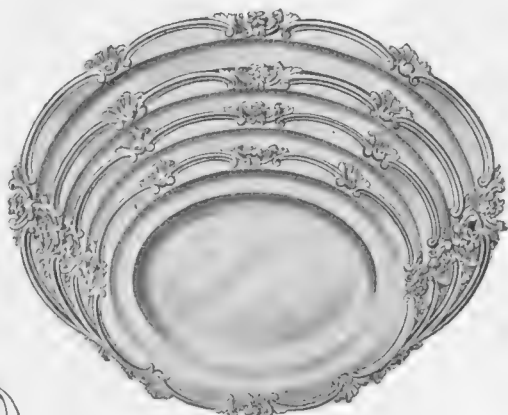
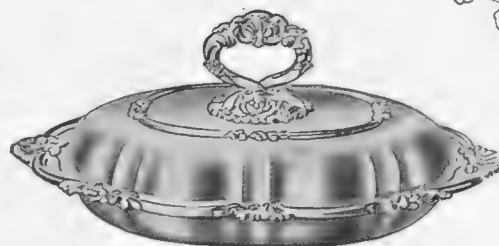
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Pair Gilt Frame Grandioles, with Arms for Candles .. at	1 9 6
The Satin Wood Decorated China Cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, very beautiful design .. at	14 14 0
Satin Wood Decorated Centre Table .. at	3 10 0
Satin Wood Decorated Overmantel to match .. at	3 10 0
The Costly Satin Wood Decorated Suite, comprising very original design Settee, 2 Square Easy Chairs, and 4 Occasional, all finely sprung up-holstered and covered choice brocade Gobelins blue silk .. at	13 13 0
Satin Wood Decorated French Time-piece .. at	2 2 0
Costly Louis XV. Design, all Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports, set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen en suite, complete .. at	8 15 0
Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settees, elegantly carved and up-holstered, with covering of Parisian broché silk .. at	9 9 0
Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Fauteuils to match, at per Fauteuil .. at	4 10 0
Pair of Companion ditto, at per Fauteuil .. at	4 10 0
6 Louis XV. Occasional Chairs to match .. at	2 5 0
2 Louis XV. Gilt Bergère Chairs, carved with foliage and splendidly up-holstered in broché silk and gold tissue .. at	12 12 0
Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, &c., &c.	

SILVER AND SHEFFIELD PLATE.

The Very Elaborate Polished Oak Canteen, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb .. at	10 10 0
Large Handsome Punch or Clarinet Bowl, with revolving Top .. at	5 5 0
2 Pairs of 10 in. Candlesticks .. at	1 5 0
Magnificent Plated Rose Bowl, with Exquisitely Chased Borders of Vine Leaves, &c., on Ebony Plinth .. at	10 10 0
Full-length Salmon-Dish, with Strainer, &c., complete .. at	8 8 0
2 Pairs of Fine Old Sheffield Entrée Dishes .. at	6 6 0
2 Round Trays, 16 in. .. at	1 7 6
4 Dozen Plated Soup Plates .. at	0 6 6
Very Pretty Design and Heavily Chased Salver, 15 in. .. at	1 15 0
Pierced Side Tray, 24 in. by 16 in. .. at	2 17 6
Tea Urn, 22 in. high .. at	2 10 0
Tea Kettle, on Stand .. at	3 10 0
Heavily Plated Hot Water Dish .. at	2 17 6
Costly pair of Candelabra, 22 in. high, Corinthian Pillars, surmounted by dragons, on base .. at	8 8 0
Fine Pierced Walter, 14 in. by 8 in. .. at	1 7 6
Tudor Design Pierced Side Tray, 24 in. by 16 in. .. at	3 5 0
Tea and Coffee Set, Very Uncommon design .. at	1 15 0
Costly and Unique Pair of Old Sheffield Fluted Wine Coolers .. at	12 12 0

THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

48 to 50, PARK STREET,

By Royal Appointment

UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON,

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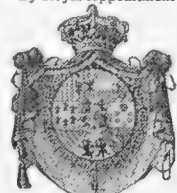
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Portrait Specially drawn for the Orchestrelle Co., by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

Sauer endorses the Pianola.

"The Pianola plays absolutely perfectly in every respect, and I am more delighted than ever with this sensational and epoch-making invention."

(Signed) EMIL SAUER.

THE praise of the world's leading musicians clearly indicates the place which the Pianola Piano holds amongst the piano-playing instruments. It is the only one these masters recognise.

When you realise that this praise comes from artists—men who, above all others, are intolerant of anything mechanical or inartistic—you realise also that the Pianola must be capable of the highest form of musical expression.

It is no exaggeration to say that whether you have any knowledge of music or not the Pianola Piano is so susceptible to your personality that every interpretation reflects your inmost feelings. There is no trace of anything mechanical about it.

The two devices that are mainly responsible for this responsiveness are only to be found in the Pianola Piano—they are the Metrostyle and the Themodist.

The Pianola Piano is a combination of the only perfect piano-player—the Pianola—with the best of pianos—the famous Steinway, Weber or Steck. We ask you to call at Aeolian Hall, and to play on the Pianola Piano any musical work you may select. If you are unable to call, write for Catalogue "N."

The Orchestrelle Company, AEOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.

And at Paris, Berlin, New York, Melbourne, Sydney, &c.

THE NAME "PIANOLA" IS NOT, AS MANY THINK, A NAME FOR ANY AND ALL PIANO-PLAYING DEVICES. IT IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK, APPLICABLE ONLY TO THE INSTRUMENTS MADE BY THE ORCHESTRELLE CO.



H.M. THE KING



H.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION



D'après
Georges Bonson

There is much information in the Elliman Booklets. Consider as examples — Chronic Rheumatism, Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica, (R.E.P. pp. 43-48), Taking Cold, To avoid Colds, Treatment of Colds in general, Sore Throat with Hoarseness from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Chronic Cold at the Chest, Pleurisy, (pp. 50-56), Sprains, (pp. 23-29), Massage, pp. (7-16); and notice the various excellent Prescriptions given; and also the recommendation respecting the calling in of a Doctor in serious cases, contained in the Elliman R. E. P. Booklet, 96 pages, illustrated, enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, prices 1/4, 2/9 & 4/- per bottle. On page 1 of the R.E.P. Booklet are given the terms upon which the large edition (256 pages, illustrated) of the Elliman R. E. P. Book, (human treatment) may be obtained.

In the Elliman E. F. A. Booklet (animals treatment) 72 pp. illustrated, may be found information on similar lines respecting Elliman's Royal Embrocation for use on animals, see — Sprains, (pp. 5-21), Broken Knees, (pp. 22-23), Blisters, (pp. 26-27), Capped Hock or Elbow, (p. 25), Common Cold, (p. 45), Cough, (p. 44), Oramp, (p. 32), Rheumatism, (p. 31), Simple Wounds, (p. 32), Injuries, (pp. 13, 16, 24), Leg Swollen, (pp. 31-33), Sore Back, (p. 29), Sore Shoulders, (p. 29), Sore Heels, (p. 34), Sore Throat, (pp. 33-34), Wind Galls, (pp. 24-25), Cattle, (pp. 53-57), Dogs, (pp. 58-60), Birds, (pp. 63-64), Supplement, (pp. 65-72) etc. The Elliman E. F. A. Booklet is placed inside the wrappers of bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation 1/-, 2/- and 3/6 per bottle. See also page 1 of that booklet to know the terms of issue of the large edition (204 pages, illustrated) of the Elliman E. F. A. Book, (animals' treatment).

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The Golf Champion.



Photo. L.N.A.

Steady Nerve, Confidence, Endurance—

"To enable one to *do the very best possible*, I have found nothing to equal Phosferine," says James Braid, holder of the Open Golf Championship. Everybody attributes Braid's victory to his *steady nerve*, and the Champion himself, who never gets 'flustered,' says his fine condition *is due to Phosferine*. As winner of the Championship for five years, James Braid says deliberately and forcibly, that Phosferine ensures a firm hand, a sure eye, and braces the system to endure great physical strain.

This carefully weighed testimony of the Champion, proving how Phosferine has done so much for him, banishing sleeplessness, maintaining his health, is evidence the tonic will enable all dependent upon an alert brain, sure eye, and steady hand, to *do the very best possible*.

Are Easily Acquired.

Mr. James Braid (winner of the Open Championship, 1901, 1905, 1906, 1908, and 1910), writes:—"It is of the greatest importance to anyone taking part in first-class golf, or who desires to play *as well as it is possible* for him to do, that his general health and particularly his nerves should be in the best possible state. It is essential, in view of the great strain placed upon the player, that he should get the full amount of sleep, and feel tuned up, and that his hand and eye should be as steady as possible. In my experience I have found nothing to equal Phosferine for attaining these objects, and I can thoroughly recommend it to all players of this game."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands



To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1 size.



LA MODE.

Fashion is a fickle jade; each day brings forth changes, yet, "though the old order changeth and giveth place to the new" with Daimlers, as with everything else, the "Car of Kings" still more than holds its own. The Daimler is the *modish* car; and the huge list of "Daimler" owners has been called the "Debrett" of the motor trade:

Drawn from a photograph taken at Hyde Park Corner.

Daimler



B.S.A.

"Everything that the name implies."

QUITE A LOT OF PEOPLE think that building a light car is simply a matter of lightening the various parts which go to make up the whole. Many manufacturers are also of this opinion. That is why so many light cars are unsatisfactory! When the designers of the B.S.A. set to work they certainly cut down weight in every possible direction, but—and here is the most important point of all—they also specified that the lightened parts be made from a much higher grade of steel than that usually used in light car construction.

Inferior grade steels are quite satisfactory in many parts of a car if these parts are made big enough. Reduction of weight, therefore, means a correspondingly higher grade of material, and that is where the B.S.A. Car, built of the finest materials, fitted with the new Daimler sleeve-valve engine, and manufactured by a firm whose reputation for high-class workmanship is known the world over, scores so conclusively over any other light car on the market. It is also this reason why the B.S.A. cannot be sold at the same price as other light cars.

REMEMBER ALSO that a car with a good reputation has a decent market value second-hand: that though you pay run a car for a long time there will come a day when you want to sell it.

The price of a B.S.A. 4-seater ready for the road is £325.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LIMITED, MOTOR DEPARTMENT, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

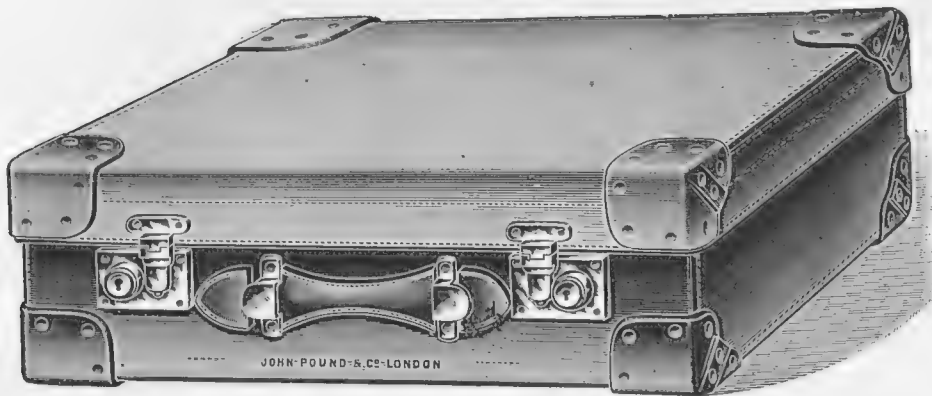
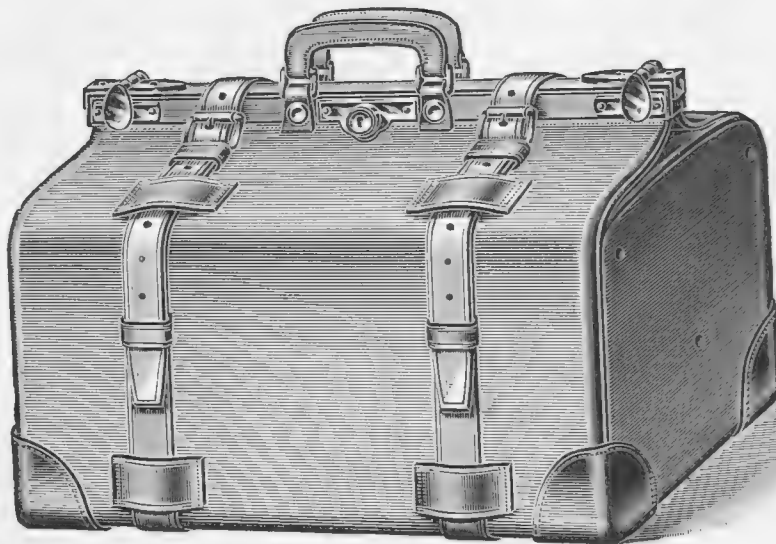
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet - Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

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John Pound & Co.
ACTUAL MAKERS.

BEST QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP
AT
LOWEST COMPETITIVE PRICES.



(Other Qualities in Stock from 30/-)

FINEST OX-HIDE Kit Bag. LEATHER corners, stout straps, EXTRA STRONG double-jointed STEEL FRAME.

22 in., **75/-** 24 in., **84/-** 26 in., **95/-**
(Other Qualities in Stock from 17/6)

This illustrates the **BEST** possible **VALUE** in **SOLID LEATHER** Suit Cases, fitted with eight capped corners copper riveted, lever locks.

22 in., **£4 5 0** 24 in., **£4 15 0** 27 in., **£5 8 6**

268-270, Oxford Street, W.
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Self-White Colours & Printed Designs

Identify TOBRALCO by name on Selvage.



4-10 YEARS
44175


Smart and dainty for all wash-dress wear in town. The greatest boon yet introduced for ladies and children's sea-side and river wear.

All TOBRALCO has the same beautiful finish, is easily laundered at home (without starch), has the same exceptional durability.

WHITE TOBRALCO charms by its daintiness, its tasteful patterns in spots and stripes, and its economy (being so easily laundered.)

COLOURED TOBRALCO being guaranteed indelible, affords a new range of colours for wash-dresses. The daintiest Tobralco pinks, greys, or mauves offer the same defiance to sun, rain, sea-water and constant washing as do the deepest blues.


9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. yd. for Self-White 27-28 ins. wide
1d. yd. extra for Fast Black, Coloured and Printed Designs—guaranteed indelible. All same width.




8-14 YEARS
44146



42885



"Mummy won't mind 'cos it's Tobralco and washes so nice."

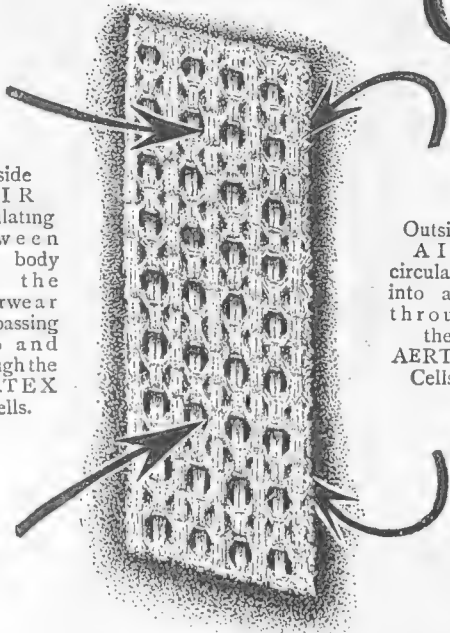


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47 PATTERNS OF TOBRALCO FREE. Send for interesting Illustrated Story, together with 47 Tobralco Patterns, free:—TOBRALCO, Dept. 287/26, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.

PAPER PATTERN OF ANY COSTUME SHOWN specially designed for making with Tobralco can be obtained for 7d., post free, from WELDON'S LTD., 31, Southampton St., London, W.C.

Portion of Aertex Cellular (slightly magnified)



Inside AIR circulating between the body and the underwear and passing into and through the AERTEX Cells.


Outside AIR circulating into and through the AERTEX Cells.

AERTEX CELLULAR


Enables your whole body to BREATHE

AERTEX CELLULAR consists of small cells containing air which is an excellent non-conductor of heat. The body thus clothed maintains its normal temperature, being surrounded by a gradually changing layer of air without direct contact with the outer atmosphere, hot or cold weather making no difference. The action of the pores of the skin is not impeded when Aertex Cellular is worn and the wearer enjoys a delightful sense of freedom, lightness and comfort.

This Label



on all garments.



An Ideal Suit of Summer Underwear for 5/-

Illustrated Price List of full range of Aertex Cellular goods for Men, Women, and Children, with list of 1,500 Depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to the Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd., Fore St., London, E.C.

A Selection from List of Depots where AERTEX CELLULAR goods may be obtained.

<p>London .. OLIVER BROS., 47, Oxford St., W. Aldershot .. ROBERT SCOTT, 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C. Altrincham .. T. WHITE & CO., Ltd. Bath .. TAYLOR & CROSS, Stamford New Rd. Belfast .. CROOK & SONS, 21 & 23, High St. Bexhill .. LOWRY & OFFICER, 12, Donegal St. Bournemouth .. LEWIS, HYLAND & CO., Devonshire Rd. Brighton .. C. J. WHITTING, Westbourne. Chesterfield .. G. OSBORNE & CO., 50, East St. Chichester .. H. J. COOK, High St. Coventry .. A. E. REYNOLDS, 84, East St. Crewe .. HAYWARD & SON, 16 & 17, Broadgate. Cromer .. J. R. KILNER, 13, Earle St. Darlington .. RUST'S, Ltd., High St. Dorking .. J. H. WAITES, 4, King's Head Buildings. M. SMITH, New Buildings.</p>	<p>Douglas (I. of M.) .. A. H. FAYLE, Victoria St. Dublin .. KENNEDY & McSHARRY, 24, Westmoreland Dundee .. DRAFFEN & JARVIE. Edinburgh .. STARK BROS., 9, South Bridge. Eton .. E. C. DEVEREUX, 127, High St. Exeter .. PINDER & TUCKWELL, 191, High St. Folkestone .. LEWIS, HYLAND & LINOM. Glasgow .. PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Ltd., Sauchiehall Huddersfield .. W. G. ALLEN & SON, 6, Prospect Crescent. Hull .. HERBERT MOORE, 11, High St. Hull .. V. H. DAWSON, 22, New St. Hull .. THOS. GILLET, King Edward St. Lancaster .. R. STANTON, 17, Cheapside. Leamington .. E. FRANCIS & SONS, Ltd., Bath St. Leeds .. HYAM & CO., 42 & 43, Briggate. Liverpool .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.</p>	<p>Manchester .. FRED. MIDDLETON, 87, Mosley St. Middlesbrough .. A. W. FOSTER, 74, Lintthorpe Rd. Morecambe .. BANKS BROS., East and West End Houses. Norwich .. H. SUNNUCKS, 26, The Walk. Nottingham .. DIXON & PARKER, Ltd., Lister Gate. Paisley .. FREDERICK SPY, 20, Victoria St. Plymouth .. PERKIN BROS., 13, Bedford St. Reading .. STRANSON & SONS, Market Place. Sheerness .. TEMPLE BROS., 48, High St. Sheffield .. R. HANBIDGE, Norfolk House. Southport .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St. Sunderland .. H. BINNS, SON & CO., Ltd., 38, Fawcett St. Weston-S.-Mare .. E. HAWKINS, & CO., 33, High St. Weymouth .. V. H. BENNETT, 84-5, St. Mary St. Wigan .. JACKSON & SMITH, 42, Wallgate. Wolverh'pton .. A. HALL, Queen Square.</p>
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No part of this issue has been or will be underwritten, but a commission of 3d. per share will be paid to brokers and other approved agents on all allotments in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Companies, which states amongst other things that:—

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN and will CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 8th May, 1912.

THE AMMONIA SODA CO., LTD.

(Converted into a Public Company under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

SHARE CAPITAL - - £300,000,

Divided into 150,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, none of which have been issued, and 150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which 131,740 have been issued and are fully paid.

ISSUE OF

150,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, with Priority as to Capital,

all of which are now offered for subscription at par, payable as follows:—

2s. 6d. per Share on Application.
7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment.
5s. 0d. per Share on the 6th day of June, 1912.
5s. 0d. per Share on the 6th day of July, 1912.
20s. 0d.

Payment in full may be made on allotment.

Dividends will be payable half-yearly on the 31st day of March and the 30th day of September in each year, the first payment to be made on the 30th day of September, 1912, calculated from the dates of payment of the several instalments.

Every Subscriber for Preference Shares of this issue will have the right of applying for and having issued to him 10 Ordinary Shares in the Company at par for every 100 Preference Shares allotted to him and so in proportion. This option must be exercised within one calendar month after the issue of the Company's balance sheet in 1913. The Ordinary Shares will be payable in full on application.

DIRECTORS.

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN, Moor Green Hall, Birmingham, Manufacturer (Chairman).
ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN, JUNIOR, West Hill, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Manufacturer.
ALLAN THOMAS COCKING, Carhampton House, Four Oaks, Birmingham, Chemist.
GEORGE HOOKHAM, Furze Hill, Willersey, Broadway, Manufacturer.

Bankers—The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Co., Ltd. Head Office: Spring Gardens, Manchester. London Office: 75, Cornhill, E.C., and Branches.

Brokers—Illingworth and Agnew, 24, Pall Mall, Manchester. Talbot Fair and Co., 15, Tithebarn Street, Liverpool.

Auditors—Thos. Johnston and Co., 63, Brown Street, Manchester.

For the purposes of this issue, Jones, Crewdson, and Youatt, 7, Norfolk Street, Manchester, have investigated the accounts and jointly with the Company's Auditors certified the trading results.

Solicitor—William Morris, Lion Works, Witton, Birmingham.

Secretary and Registered Offices—George William Thomas, Lostock Gralam, Cheshire.

The Company was formed as a Private Limited Company in the year 1908 for the purpose of acquiring a brine field in Cheshire known as the Holford Hall Estate, near Northwich, consisting of about 159 acres, and certain works for the manufacture of Soda Ash which were then in course of construction upon the property, and also certain fixed plant, machinery, and other assets.

The Company was established for the purpose of manufacturing amongst other things Soda Ash by the Solvay Ammonia Process. In addition to Soda Ash, Soda Crystals are now being manufactured, and the Company contemplates the manufacture of Caustic Soda and Bi-carbonate of Soda.

Prior to the acquisition of the Holford Hall Estate by the Company fully saturated Brine and Rock salt had been discovered by borings to depths of 483 and 471 feet respectively sunk on the property. The first of these borings has since been sunk to a depth of 1710 feet and a third boring to 2500 feet. These borings prove that the Brine "flows" afford a practically inexhaustible supply of fully saturated Brine of exceptional purity, and that the Rock salt "deposits" are of a thickness hitherto unknown in the Cheshire Salt districts.

Professor P. F. Kendall, M.Sc., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Leeds, who has been connected with inquiries relating to the British Salt Fields for more than twenty years and is intimately acquainted with the Cheshire Fields, has reported upon the Brine "flows" and the Salt "deposits" underlying the Estate. He calculates that the gross amount of Rock salt existing under the Company's Estate exceeds 150 millions of tons, a quantity that may be said to be inexhaustible.

He summarises his report as follows:—

(1) The Brine is of first-class quality, both as regards chemical composition and strength.
(2) The Brine-run, judging by the height to which it rises and the small amplitude of the changes of level, may be confidently expected to give a constant yield equalling all the needs, present or future, of the Company.

(3) If the Brine-runs should ever fail, the enormous and unprecedented thickness of Rock salt would constitute an inexhaustible reserve.

Mr. F. W. Stocks, F.S.I., of Middlewich, a member of the Manchester Geological and Mining Society, has also made a report upon the property. Copies of both reports are enclosed with the Prospectus.

The supply of Soda Ash, the world's demand for which is believed to be about 1,000,000 tons per annum, is a necessity in many of the world's most important trades, such as Paper, Glass, Soap, Enamel, Dyeing and the Textile Industries.

Messrs. Jones, Crewdson, and Youatt, Chartered Accountants, of Manchester, have examined the books of the Company, and their Certificate, which appears in the full Prospectus, shows:—

For the year and twelve days ending 12th January, 1910	Loss	£4,115	9	10
For the period from 13th January to the 31st December, 1910	Loss	£2,331	12	10
For the twelve months ending 31st December, 1911	Profit	£17,790	3	3

The depreciation charged has been as follows:—
For the first of the above periods £5,383 6 6
For the second of the above periods £5,218 10 1
For the third of the above periods £5,334 2 9

During the past four months the plant has been improved and great economies effected in the cost of manufacture, which the Directors estimate will result in a saving of at least £6500 this financial year. Part of the present issue will be applied in the provision of plant to increase the output, which the Directors are satisfied will result in further very substantial economies in the cost of production.

A valuation of the Company's works and property as at the 31st December, 1911, without taking into account the value of the Rock salt or Brine supply, has been made by Messrs. Edward Rushton, Son, and Kenyon, of Manchester, and they certify as follows:—

The total value of the Estate (which consists of about 159 acres), Works, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, Railway Sidings, Fixtures, Office Furniture, Tools, and Utensils (exclusive of any Minerals, Rock Salt, Brine Supply, or Goodwill), as at 31st December, 1911 £123,886 0 0
The value of the Stock and New Stores as at 31st December, 1911 £7,496 15 10
The proceeds of this issue will be applied—

(a) In generally extending the Company's operations and
(b) In reducing (so far as in the opinion of the Directors is desirable) the undermentioned charges on the Company's property, thereby improving the security of the Preference shareholders.

Subscribers for this issue of Preference Shares have the right of applying for and having issued to them Ordinary Shares of the Company as stated on the front page of the Prospectus.

A special Preference Dividend Reserve Fund will be created by setting aside out of the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1913, a sum sufficient to pay the dividend of 6 per cent. on the Preference Shares now issued for the year ending 31st January, 1914. The profits of each succeeding year will be applied in maintaining this reserve fund at a figure sufficient to pay one year's Preference Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. before any dividend is paid to the Ordinary Shareholders.

The following are subsisting charges on the property and assets of the Company—namely, a mortgage of £46,086 on the Company's Holford Hall Estate, which carries interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and which the Mortgagee has agreed not to call in before the 31st day of August, 1914, and outstanding Debentures of £50 each to the nominal value of £7000, to be redeemed on the 1st day of October, 1914, unless previously paid off with a premium of £12 per Debenture, and which constitute a floating charge on the Company's undertaking and all its property, present and future, exclusive of its uncalled capital.

Copies of the Full Prospectus and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary or from any branch of the Bank and from the Brokers named on the front page of the Prospectus.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that:—

The LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS IS NOW OPEN, and will close at 4 p.m. on THURSDAY, 9th May, for both Town and Country.

The Santa Maria Oil-Fields of California, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

CAPITAL - - - £1,000,000,

In 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each,
Divided into 250,000 Ten per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each, and 750,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

ISSUED AND PAID UP:—

200,000 PREFERENCE SHARES	£100,000
750,000 ORDINARY SHARES	750,000
	£850,000

ISSUE OF

50,000 Ten per Cent. Cumulative Participating Shares at Par,

Payable:—

1s. per Share on Application.
4s. per Share on Allotment.
5s. per Share on the 1st day of July, 1912.
5s. per Share on the 1st day of September, 1912.
5s. per Share on the 1st day of November, 1912.

The Preference Shares entitle the holders to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the amounts paid up thereon, and on winding up to repayment of capital in priority to any repayment of capital on the Ordinary Shares of the Company. They also entitle the holders thereof to participate further *pari passu* with the Ordinary Shares in the surplus profits of any year, after a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. has been paid for that year on the Ordinary Shares.

Dividends are payable half-yearly in January and July. The Shares will rank for dividend *pari passu* with the existing 100,000 Preference Shares on the amounts paid up thereon from the dates of the several instalments.

Payment in full may be made on Allotment, or on the date when any subsequent instalment becomes payable, and discount will be allowed on such payment at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, but pre-payments will not rank for dividend during the period covered by the discount.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY JOSEPH CHINNERY, J.P., Chairman, Fringford Manor, Bicester.
FRITZ BERNHARDT BEHR, 20, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.
JOHN SIDNEY BRAITHWAITE, Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.
FREDERICK HURDLE, Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.
EDWARD SEABORN MARKS, A.R.S.M., 8 and 9, Walbrook, E.C.

Local Board in California.

MICHAEL LLOYD BRAITHWAITE, Los Angeles, California.
ALVIN DAUGHERTY, Los Angeles, California.
JAMES MCKINNIE, Los Angeles, California.

Bankers.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and Branches.

Brokers.

FOSTER & BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, London, E.C.
PARTRIDGE & GREENFIELD, 2, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.

Solicitors.

TRAVERS SMITH, BRAITHWAITE & CO., 4, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 3, Frederick's Place, London, E.C., and Los Angeles.

Secretary and Registered Offices.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICAN TRUST CO., Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

The Company was formed in March, 1911, to purchase from the Palmer Annex Oil Company, of Los Angeles, California, 875 acres of freehold oil lands with buildings, wells, etc. (subject as to 80 acres to a lease to Messrs. Kellerman and Vigus) and one-half interest in 160 acres of further freehold lands (subject to lease held by the Palmer Oil Company) all situate in the Eastern Santa Maria District, Santa Barbara County, California. The purchase price for these properties was fixed at £800,000, payable as to £50,000 in cash and as to £750,000 in fully-paid Ordinary Shares of the Company, the Vendors retaining the right for two years from the 1st March, 1911, to subscribe at par for the unissued 150,000 Preference Shares in the Company, of which the present issue of 50,000 forms part.

The purchase has been completed, and the Company has since acquired 40 acres of further land in the same district on lease for a term of twenty years at a royalty of one-fifth of the gross production, less oil, etc., used in working. Of the freehold land, six acres have since been sold for purposes of the Railroad hereinafter mentioned.

The Company, which has been engaged in drilling operations on seven wells, has now reached the producing stage, the latest advice from the property being that wells Nos. 1 and 2 have now established themselves as producers, the flow from well No. 1 being about 2000 barrels per day.

With regard to well No. 2 the following cable was received from Los Angeles on 30th April, 1912:—

"No. 2 started to produce to-day at the rate of 1000 barrels. No. 6 in sand, fine showing. Will put No. 1 on pump in ten days."

It is estimated that the present production of oil will represent earnings at the rate of about £50,000 per annum gross, and it is expected that the wells now in course of completion will raise the output to a figure which will be sufficient to pay 10 per cent. on the entire authorised capital of the Company, or more than six times the amount required for the fixed dividend on the 150,000 Preference Shares.

This estimate does not include earnings from royalties received from the Company's Lessees. Since the formation of the Company these royalties have been sufficient to justify the declaration of the interim dividends which have been paid on the Preference Shares. A reduction in this source of income has, however, taken place owing to the collapse of the casing in two of the Lessees' wells, but when the necessary repairs have been completed the receipts from royalties will again improve.

Mr. W. W. Orcutt, the consulting geologist of the Union Oil Company, in his report dated 9th January, 1911, stated that on a conservative estimate the unleased sections of the Company's property should be capable of producing 87,500,000 barrels of oil, with the reasonable possibility of twice that amount.

During the last eight months the Company's property has been connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad, a distance of 22½ miles, by the Santa Maria Valley Railroad, built for the express purpose of transporting this Company's oil, by the Palmer Annex Oil Company, the holders of the majority of the Ordinary Shares of this Company. It is estimated that this line will handle from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels of oil per day without difficulty. The railroad, which has its terminus immediately below the Company's steel storage tanks, will be of immense advantage to the Company. The property also has connection with two pipe-lines to the coast.

The storage facilities of the Company consist of:—

Steel tanks	75,000 barrels
Earthen reservoirs	425,000

It will, therefore, be seen that the Company is exceptionally well equipped for handling large quantities of oil, and consumers are already negotiating with a view to making large contracts.

The proceeds of this issue will be used for extending the Company's operations. The Directors have decided to allow the holders of the 100,000 Preference Shares already issued the right to apply for and receive a preferential allotment up to a number of Shares not exceeding one for every four like Shares now held by them.

The Palmer Annex Oil Company have released their option over the 50,000 Preference Shares now offered and have agreed to provide sufficient fully-paid Ordinary Shares for the underwriting commission on this issue in consideration of the Company extending the option over the remaining 100,000 Preference Shares to the 1st March, 1914.

On the occasion of the issue in March, 1911, for public subscription of 100,000 Preference Shares of this Company underwriting commissions of £6000 in cash and £10,000 in fully-paid Ordinary Shares were paid by the Palmer Annex Oil Company.

Every Preference or Ordinary Share confers one vote on a poll.

The following Directors take part in the underwriting:—

Mr. J. S. Braithwaite, 500 Shares; Mr. F. Hurdle, 500 Shares; Mr. E. S. Marks, 500 Shares. Application for Shares should be made upon the form accompanying the Prospectus and forwarded, together with a deposit of 1s. per Share, to the Bankers of the Company.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction; if the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited to the amount due on allotment, and the excess (if any) returned. Failure to pay any instalment will render all previous instalments liable to forfeiture.

The Company will pay a brokerage of 3d. per Share on all Shares allotted on application forms bearing a broker's stamp, not being applications by Underwriters or Sub-Underwriters for Shares underwritten or sub-underwritten by them.

Application will be made to the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement and official quotation.

Copies of the Full Prospectus, upon the terms of which applications will alone be received, and Forms of Application can be obtained of the Company's Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors and Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company.



**THE WORLD-FAMED
ANGELUS**

GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER-PIANOS

As Supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

When listening to a great Pianist playing some great composition you are impressed by three things: the musician's perfect command of all the resources of the keyboard, his sympathetic touch, and the individuality he is able to impart to the music. Try to realise how delightful it is to be able to bring such a complete command and individuality to the Piano.

Each of these great gifts is yours when you possess an Angelus—the wonderful control of all the resources of the Piano, the sympathetic touch upon the keys, the note of individuality. They are achieved largely by the marvellous and unique patented Angelus Expression Devices, the **Melodant**, **Phrasing Lever**, and the **Artistyle**, without which the greatest musicians have admitted that a musical rendering of all music is impossible.

The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise Grand and Upright Pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous **Brinsmead**, the superb **Marshall and Rose**, **Knabe**, **Emerson**, **Winkelmann**, **Squire**, etc. These makes of Pianos have been carefully selected on account of their beauty of tone, perfect touch, and durability.

You are invited to call and hear the Angelus, or write for illustrated Catalogue No. 4 of the latest models.

Herbert Marshall & Sons Ltd
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TOILET CREAM 1/6 per pot. BATH CRYSTALS 2/6 & 4/6.

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Rowland's Kalydor

which is a most soothing, healing, and curative preparation for the face, neck, hands, and arms, and will prevent redness and roughness of the skin, soothe and heal all cutaneous eruptions, irritation, or inflammation, and make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and delicate; it is warranted harmless and free from any

lead or poisonous ingredients, and is sold in 2/3 and 4/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

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style, and material kept in stock.

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(See Sketch).

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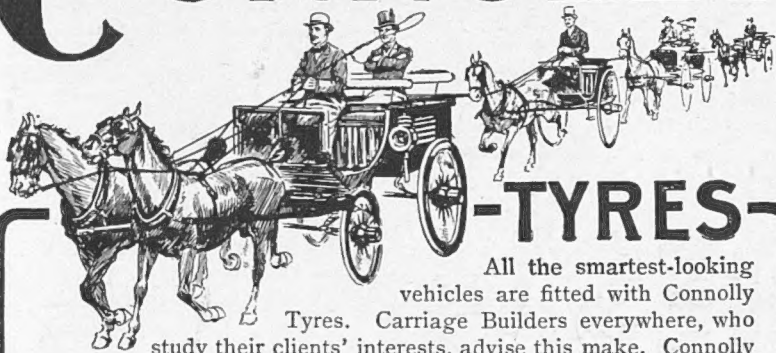
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thousands in use; the best yet invented, has stood the most severe tests and can be thoroughly relied upon.

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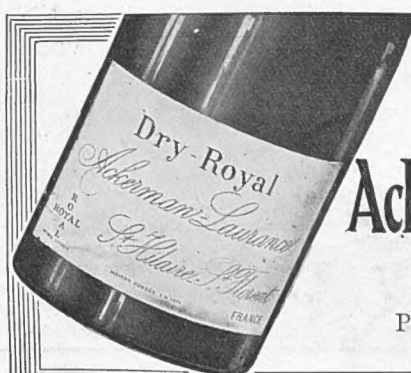
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The Best Value in Sparkling Wine

Ackerman-Laurance
"Dry-Royal"

Price 54/- per dozen.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

**A Legal Victory
for the Club.**

After due consideration, the Legal Committee of the Club resolved to back an appeal in the case of *Printz v. Sewell*, the facts in which case were as follows: A motorist was summoned before the Hampstead Bench for not having a lamp at night-time so contrived as to illuminate his number-plate. At the hearing before the Hampstead magistrates, it was admitted by Mr. G. D. Dean, the solicitor to the Club, that the lamp was out when the car was stopped by the police, but he stated that he proposed to prove its extinction was an accident, and that his client had taken all steps reasonably practical to have the number-plate illuminated, and that if he succeeded in proving that, he would be entitled to have the summons dismissed under the clause in question. The Hampstead magistrates, with the words of the clause staring them in the face, held that that would be no defence, and on this point a case was stated by them for the consideration of the High Court. The High Court, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Pickford, and Mr. Justice Avory, unanimously decided that the magistrates were wrong in the conclusion at which they had arrived, and directed that the case should be reheard, and that the defendant should be allowed to call evidence in support of his contention. The police, who had briefed counsel to appear and support the magistrates' views, were ordered to pay the defendant's costs of the appeal.

**All Reasonable
Steps.**

There is no phase of the motor law which has been administered with more ruthlessness than the clause which deals with lighting. Time and again, the unhappy motorist has been summoned, fined, and had his license endorsed for an extinguished tail lamp, of whose extinction he was unaware. Useless to prove beyond doubt that it had been alight a few minutes before he was stopped by the police, useless to draw a stubborn official's attention to the fact that the casing was still warm. No such pleas ever availed him before a tribunal out for plunder, and callous to the tempering of justice with a little mercy. And that in the face of Section 2, Sub-section 4 of the Motor-Car Act, 1903, which runs as follows: "If the mark . . . is in any way obscured or rendered, or allowed to become not easily distinguishable, the person driving the car shall be guilty of an offence under this Act, unless . . . he proves that he has

taken all steps reasonably practicable to prevent the mark being obscured or rendered not easily distinguishable." This has been pleaded over and over again, but the Solons of the Benches would have none of it, and would have continued to set it at defiance but for the action of the Royal Automobile Club.

**Tyre Testimony
Indeed.**

I have from time to time, as examples of tyre longevity have been brought to my notice, dwelt upon the quality and reliability of the Sirdar Tyres, and now find myself supported in the esteem in which I have always held these tyres by the announcement that the Sirdar Rubber Company have been favoured with large repeat orders from the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, Ltd., amongst others, a contract from the Admiralty, and further contracts from the London County Council. The repeat orders from a Company with such a huge experience of tyres as the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, Ltd., with their enormous output, is most convincing.

Some interesting "turns" (if we may use the expression without irreverence) have been arranged for the Bazaar to be held at Prince's Skating Club in June on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. Lady Tree and Miss Beatrice Wilson, among others, have promised their services as entertainers, and Canon Horsley will relate his experiences as a Jail Chaplain, under the title of "Prisoners I Have Met," with illustrations of burglars' implements. The Bazaar will be opened by the Duchess of Albany, and the Duchess of Sutherland is to be one of numerous distinguished stall-holders.

Sir Rennell Rodd, who journeyed from Rome to Venice in honour of the Campanile, has more than an Ambassador's polite interest in national monuments. Never since the ancient tower made her curtsy and sank gently to earth has Venice seemed herself to him. Perhaps, as a poet, he still wrote verses to her; but the Piazza San Marco without the Campanile was empty and strange. He could have clapped his hands with pleasure, if the ceremonial had allowed of it, when he was formally introduced to the new tower. The Duchess of Somerset, among Englishwomen, and Mrs. Bowman Dodd among Americans, were on the scene to welcome the pile of pink bricks. And the pigeons are again fed in its shadow!

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When Dunlop tyres are used with Dunlop wire wheels, their mileage-yielding properties, a universal tradition, are still further increased.

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